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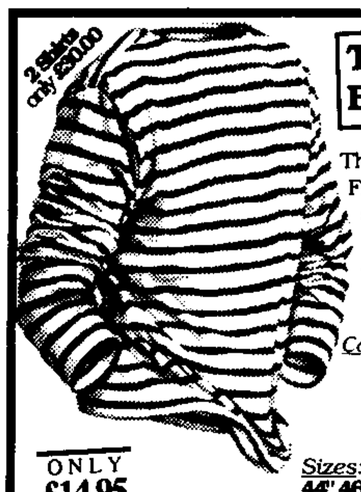

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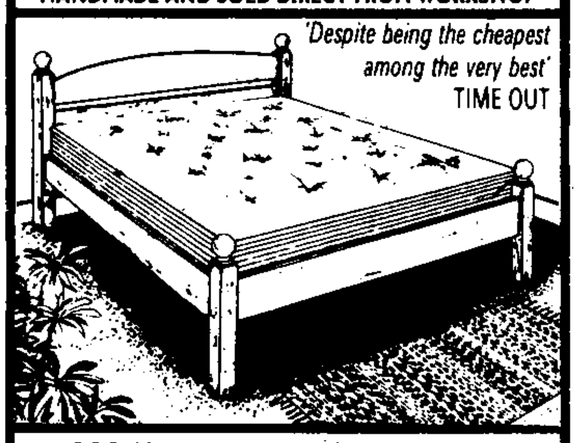

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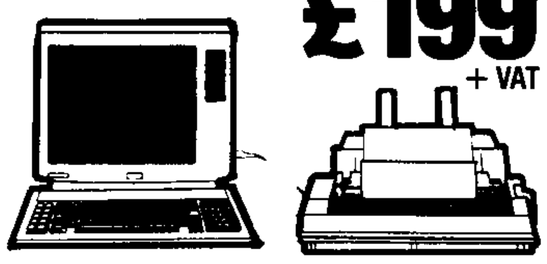

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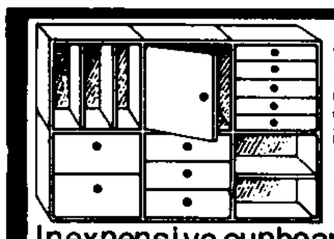

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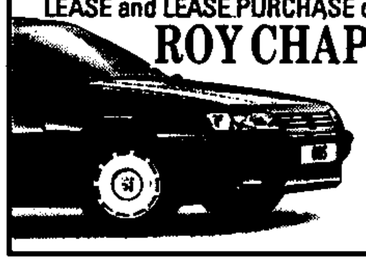

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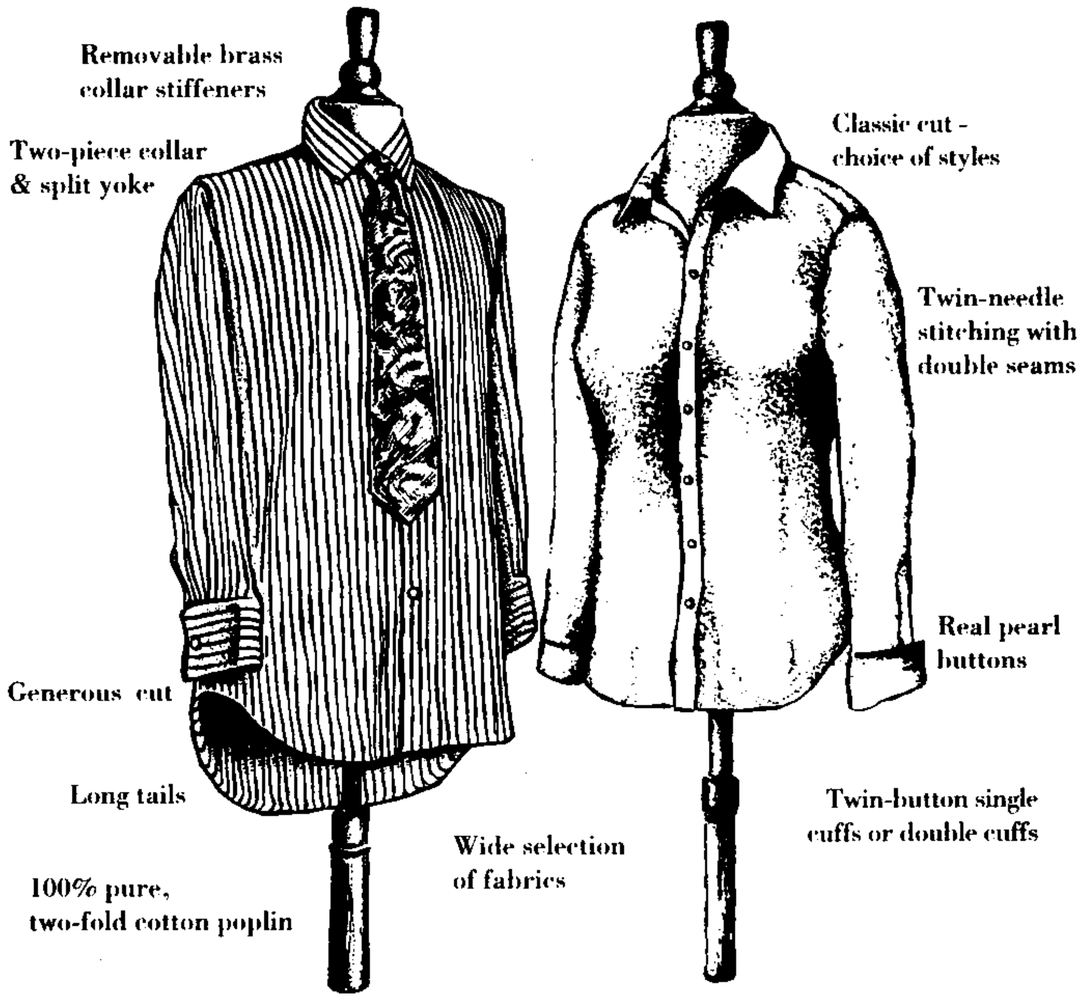
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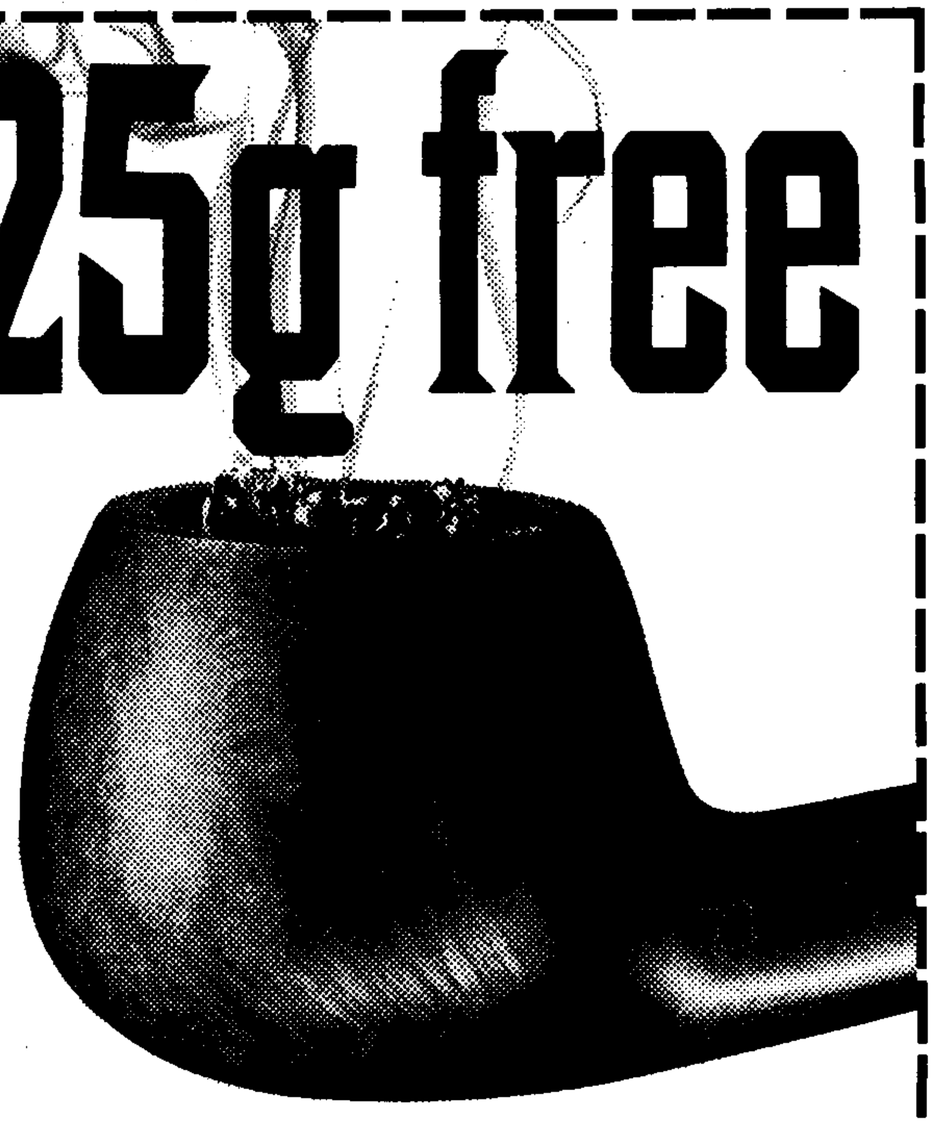

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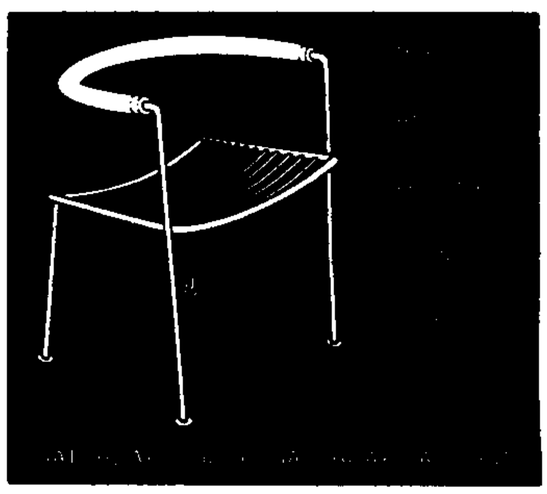

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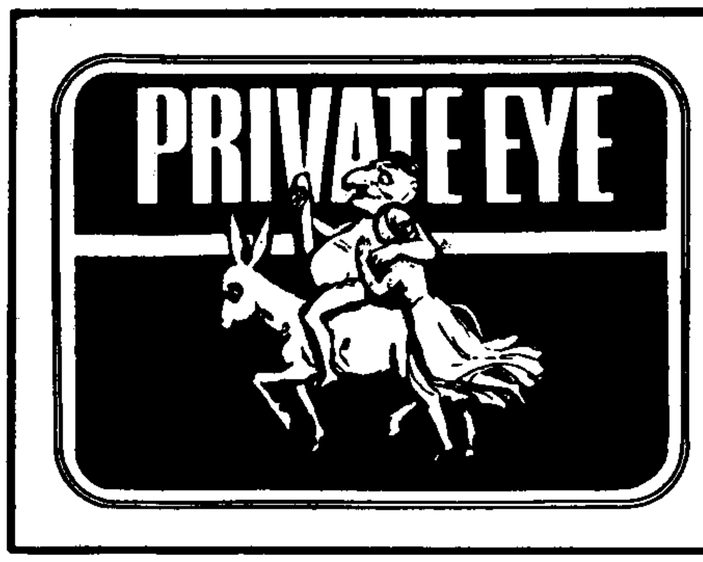


COLOUR SECTION

There are signs from the last fortnight's hearings of the Iraqgate enquiry that Lord Justice Scott is fed up with replies from civil service witnesses who try to resist the conclusion (arrived at at least two years ago by the *Eye*) that there was for many years a widespread conspiracy to sell arms to Saddam in defiance of the government embargo.

Peter Vereker, former boss of arms control and disarmament at the foreign office was asked about the export of chemicals whose purpose could be turned to military use. His department, he said, had vetted a list of countries to which such chemicals could not be exported. A strange gap appeared in the list, which was obviously the result of some resourceful tippexing. The gap was between I and L, and the lord justice was quick to conclude that the name of the country so crudely expunged was Jordan.

He was helped to this conclusion by a manuscript note at the top of the list, said to be written by a senior civil servant, as follows: "Jordan has disappeared. Well done." What worries the lord justice about this tippexing job is that Jordan was a popular destination for arms to Saddam. What made the list and the expunging even more worrying was the date: November 1991, several months *after* the heroic defeat of Saddam Hussein.

The Vereker Gap, as it has become known, is a clear sign that surreptitious arms sales to Iraq had their support even in the foreign office, whose secretary of state had originally announced the embargo.

Whatever the attitude of the foreign office, however, there can be no doubt about the centre of the conspiracy in the civil service: the ministry of defence. This was the gist of a remarkable memo revealed to the inquiry by Robin Felgett, an assistant secretary at the treasury. The memo was written to Sandra Brown, an assistant secretary, who was due to attend a cabinet office committee meeting on arms sales in June 1990, six weeks before Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait.

The memo warned that the defence export sales organisation (DESO) (part of the MoD) "are gung-ho to support sales of defence equipment to Iraq and almost anywhere else".

The real test for Scott, however, is not whether he can snap at a foreign office flunkey like Vereker, but whether he takes on the top people concerned — for example: the two former heads of DESO, Sir James Blyth, now chairman of Boots; Sir Colin Chandler, now chief executive of Vickers; the former chief of the procurement executive, Sir Peter Levene, deputy chairman of Wasserstein Perella; the permanent under-secretary of state at the MoD, Sir Michael Quinlan, now director of the hugely-influential Ditchley Foundation; the under-secretary of state for defence procurement from 1985 to 1988, Sir John Bourn, now comptroller and auditor general; and a former head of the arms sales organisation, IMS, when it was owned by the government, Sir John Cuckney.

TRANSPORT secretary John MacGregor cannot afford to resist the House of Lords' effort to extricate the government from the shambles of rail privatisation.

By amending the bill to allow BR to bid for the new franchises, the Lords are allowing MacGregor to admit reality — that there is so little genuine private sector interest most of the franchises will end up with BR anyway.

The private sector boycott results directly from the government's surrender to Tory rebels on the question of railcards and other fare controls. This ruined all hopes of private operators of making the kind of profit they need to justify taking on such a risky venture. The other big mistake was to deprive them of control of their track and signalling by setting up the totally unnecessary quango, Railtrack. These two elements will also deter BR staff and their City backers (assuming they can find some) from mounting management buy-outs.

But if the government has any sense, Britain will follow the example of Sweden, where Swedish Railways, to everyone's relief, has won most of the franchise bids. There is no justification for continuing with Railtrack. Winding it up and merging it with BR might require a peerage for its chairman, Robert "Gillette" Horton, but that would be cheap at the price.

BRITISH RAIL'S Railfreight sector continues to nosedive as the government discriminates in favour of lorries (see *Eyes passim.*)

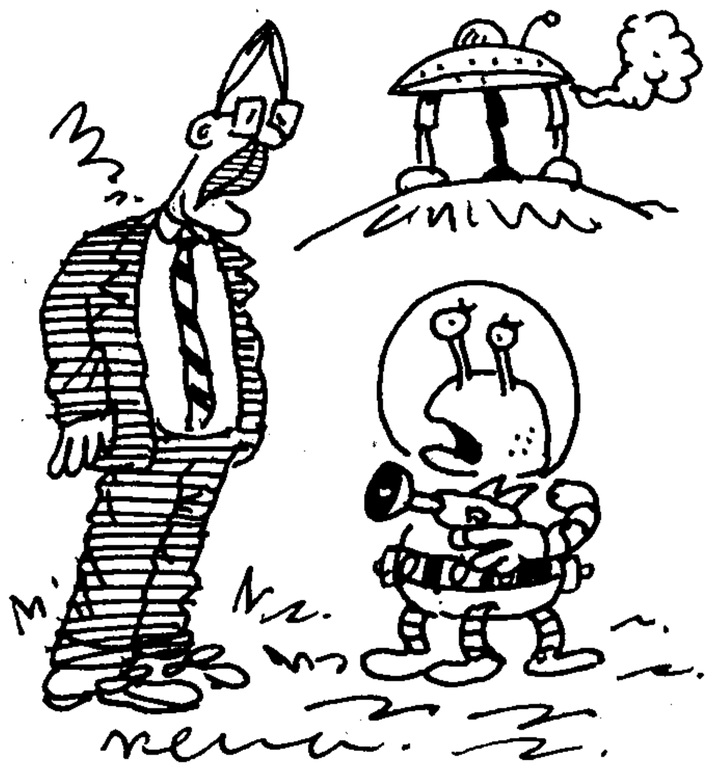
It will be a simple matter for the private companies (possibly those with vested interests in more traffic going by road) that take over the profitable bits of Railfreight to declare certain services uneconomic and then get down to the real business of asset stripping.

Any freight-only branch lines, yards and depots for sale will no doubt change hands at knock-down prices, as in all the other sales by this government, and the value of the land alone will be far more than the price paid for the job lot.

The Tory party's chums are thus set to make another fast buck at the expense of the taxpayer. But equally galling is that the sale of freight-only branch lines to various cowboys will mean curtains for plans to start new passenger services on freight lines.

More than 20 passenger services have been successfully introduced this way over the last decade. Because road schemes are eating up nearly all the budget for new transport infrastructure, new rail services have to be established at negligible cost (and often at no cost at all to central government). This has so far been achieved by using track capacity surplus to Railfreight's needs and through not having to purchase the track, land and signalling, which have been transferred from one part of BR to another.

Private "rail freight" boys won't take such a charitable view of disposing of their assets.



"Take me to a leader"

STREET of SHAME

FOLLOWING the conclusion of the libel suits brought by John Major and Clare Latimer against him, bearded *New Statesman* editor Steve Platt once more demanded a "reform of the law" that "makes it possible" for magazines to be liable for damages paid by their distributors without their consent.

In fact, it is nothing to do with "the law". The *New Statesman* was landed with a bill from its distributors simply because it had signed a ridiculous agreement indemnifying them against any libel damages or costs and allowing the distributors to settle on their own terms. Other magazines — including the *Eye* — have no such agreements.

Last week's issue of the *Statesmen* was so busy crowing about its "moral victory" over Major that it neglected to report another legal case which might have interested its readers. At the appeal court the previous week, three judges had condemned the "intolerable" conduct of journalist Duncan "Dunky" Campbell in "harassing" a gay businessman, Derek Donaldson.

The court heard that when Donaldson declined to be interviewed for a TV programme made by Campbell, he was subjected to six weeks of constant surveillance and badgering by "Dunky"; on one occasion, a microphone was dangled through the letterbox in his front door in an attempt to record one of his telephone conversations. The appeal court judges said Campbell's behaviour had been "appalling".

Duncan Campbell is, of course, the chairman of the board of the *New Statesman*.

ALL IS far from well in the empire of tubby porn king David "The Slug" Sullivan, owner of the *Daily Sport*.

Willie Robertson has been sacked as editor of the Slug's drooping organ just six months after being appointed. Protesting feebly that his departure was "by mutual consent", Little Willie cleared his desk less than an hour after being given his marching orders by *Sport* managing director John Gibbons and was driven to Manchester Piccadilly railway station by loyal news editor Isabelle "Enema" Murray. This act of devotion — and many others which preceded it — did not go unnoticed. Enema was sacked two days later.

During Little Willie's ill-starred tenure, sales of the *Sport* slumped by 30,000 to around 180,000. Business is so bad that a despairing Slug has ordered the Saturday edition of the paper to be closed. There are plans to reduce the paper to Wednesday publication only, and many staff have already been put on notice.

All this spells doom for Sullivan's fantasy of running a media empire. His laughable attempt at a regional "family" Sunday newspaper, the *News and Echo*, is a disaster. Sales in the Granada, Tyne Tees and Yorkshire areas combined rarely exceed 45,000. Even his flagship, the *Sunday Sport*, is sinking fast.

To make matters worse, Sullivan will soon be forced to abandon the *Sport*'s most lucrative feature. Its adverts for 0898 sex-lines ("Instant Dirty Talk With No Words Cut Out", "Housewife Quickie Relief", "My Panties On Your Head", etc. etc.) have fallen foul of new restrictions being introduced by British Telecom and ICSTIS, the sex-line watchdog.

Even more woe is on the horizon. Early next month an industrial tribunal in Manchester will hear the claim for unfair dismissal brought by former *Sport* editor Peter Grimsditch, at which the Slug and his fellow directors (not to mention his girlfriend, gorgeous pouting Karen Brady) will be forced to testify.

Two hacks, eager for a ringside seat, were intrigued to find last week that their inquiries were not the first that had been received by the tribunal. It appears that the gentlepersons of the press will be sharing their enjoyment of the proceedings with several representatives of the Inland Revenue, who are apparently anxious to hear what the garrulous Grimsditch has to say about the connections between the *Sport* and various porn companies "disposed of" by Sullivan before setting up his media interests. Even John Major may take an interest in the hearing: Grimsditch's evidence is expected to touch upon Sullivan's secret financial backing for the wretched *Scallywag* magazine, as first revealed in the *Eye* earlier this year.

PS: Sullivan-owned companies which print and distribute *Scallywag* have already reached a settlement with John Major and Clare Latimer. The firms claimed last week that "they did not realise the contents of the magazine they distributed".

How odd, then, that Sullivan was boasting excitedly about *Scallywag*'s story weeks before it appeared; indeed, he tried to bully Grimsditch into running it in the *Sport* as well — but without success.

Unkind souls might interpret the *Sport*'s publication last week of a photo of Clare Latimer with a dildo as an act of petty revenge by Sullivan, piqued at having to shell out damages and costs to the PM and his fun-loving cook. This would, of course, be a monstrously unfair suggestion.

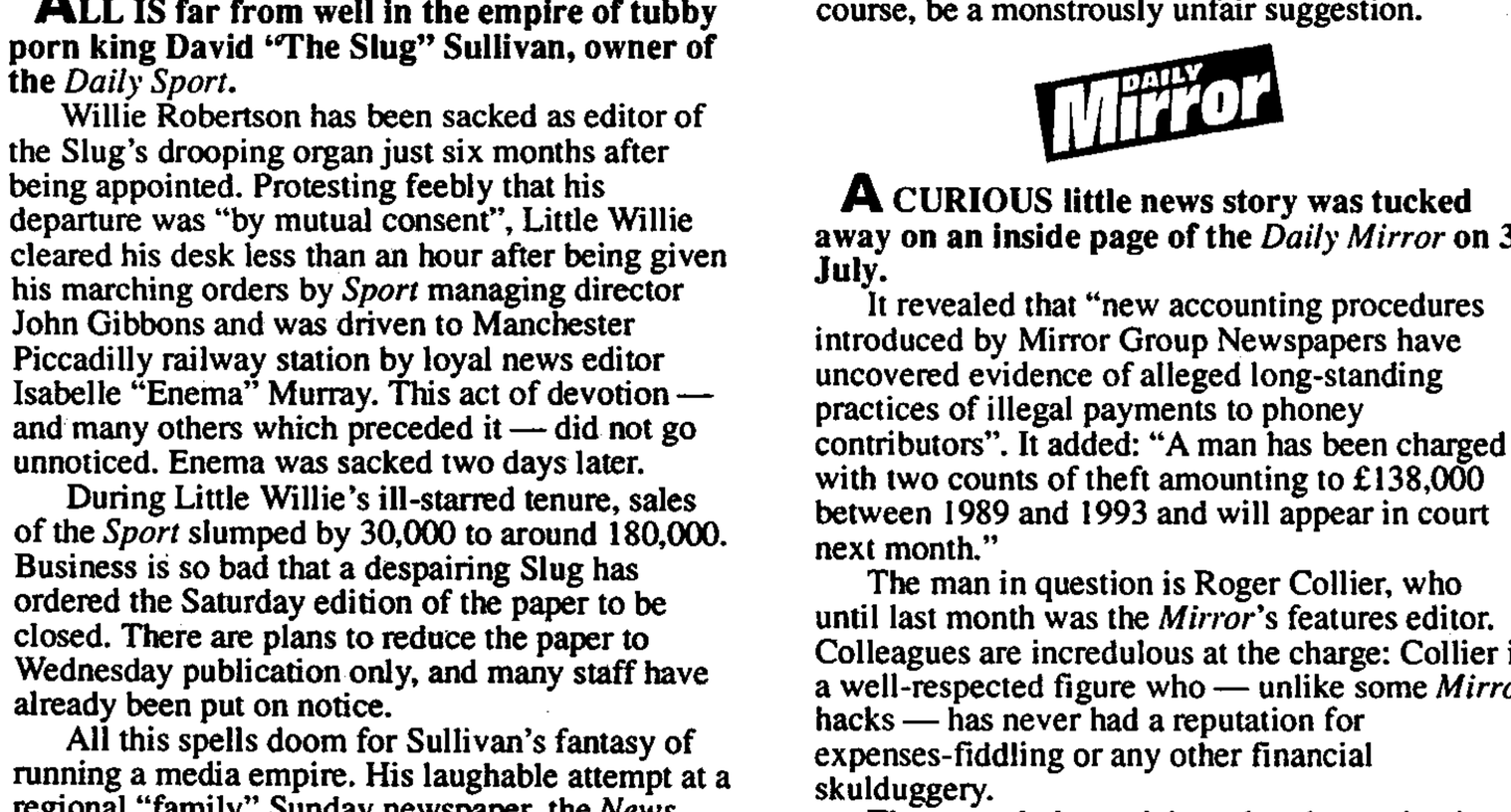
A CURIOUS little news story was tucked away on an inside page of the *Daily Mirror* on 3 July.

It revealed that "new accounting procedures introduced by Mirror Group Newspapers have uncovered evidence of alleged long-standing practices of illegal payments to phoney contributors". It added: "A man has been charged with two counts of theft amounting to £138,000 between 1989 and 1993 and will appear in court next month."

The man in question is Roger Collier, who until last month was the *Mirror*'s features editor. Colleagues are incredulous at the charge: Collier is a well-respected figure who — unlike some *Mirror* hacks — has never had a reputation for expenses-fiddling or any other financial skulduggery.

There are dark suspicions that the motivation behind the persecution of Collier — who, of course, must be presumed innocent until or unless he is found otherwise — may not be unconnected with the desperation of Mirror Group management to persuade the City that the *Mirror* "gravy train" has at last hit the buffers. This certainly seemed to be the purpose of the 3 July story, which quoted an MGN spokesman as boasting that, thanks to "strict" new financial controls, the group had now "rid ourselves of any last remnants of the corrupt Maxwell culture".

Of course the gravy train is still chugging merrily along: as the *Eye* has detailed, David "Rommel" Montgomery's colleagues in senior management have enjoyed a torrent of huge pay-rises and lucrative share options in recent months.



OBSERVER

READERS of the *Observer* are still wondering when they will see the dramatic improvements that were promised following the takeover by the *Grauniad* and the arrival of new editor Jonathan Fenby.

Fenby's first action was to sack mega-bore pundit Michael Ignatieff — only to replace him with an even more yawn-making columnist, Melanie Phillips.

His only other decisive move has been to sack Simon "Pussy" Kelner, the man who had — at huge expense — turned the *Observer* magazine into the worst colour supplement ever seen in captivity. As a reward for his disastrous reign, Kelner has received a pay-off not unadjacent to £100,000.

The Pussy's departure has caused much rejoicing; but, as with Ignatieff, there is no guarantee that his replacement will do any better. Indeed, Fenby is having some trouble finding anyone prepared to take the job. It has so far been offered to Henry Porter of *Vanity Fair*, Alexander Chancellor of the *New Yorker*, Sarah Sands of the *Evening Standard* and Jocelyn "Miss" Targett of the *Sunday Times*. All have turned it down.

THE TIMES

LAST SATURDAY's *Times* carried a six-page feature on Peter Howson, who had been sent to Bosnia by the newspaper as a war artist. "The nightmarish events he witnessed have disturbed his mental and emotional equilibrium," it revealed.

What it neglected to add was *The Times*'s own contribution to Howson's distress. *Scotland on Sunday* reported last month that the Murdoch rag had put the artist under "considerable pressure" to stay in Bosnia when, in a state of near-collapse, he wanted to return home.

"When I was flown out of the war zone I had telephone discussions with *The Times*," he told *SoS*. "They urged me to consider my contractual obligations and warned me of the effects on my career if I pulled out early."

This is something of an understatement. Howson has since told friends of a conversation with one senior executive from News International, who curtly informed him that if he pulled out of Bosnia early he would be attacked in Murdoch newspapers throughout the world until his reputation was destroyed.

The Sunday Telegraph

ON 4 JULY the *Sunday Telegraph* devoted the best part of a page to a news story about *Phat*, a new magazine for young "hoodlums".

The first issue, which shows a "teenage gangsta" on the cover brandishing an automatic pistol, is apparently packed with titillating articles about guns and drugs. As one might expect, the *Telegraph*'s story took a rather disapproving view of all this.

Imagine the surprise in the *Torygraph*'s newsroom, then, when it was discovered that one of the investors in *Phat* is Jon Connell, the *Sunday Telegraph*'s pukka deputy editor. The original headline for the story — "The Evil Men Trying to Corrupt Our Children" — was promptly dropped.

Connell admitted to the *Eye* last week that he had made a "harmless little investment" in the new comic. "What I do with my money is my concern," he said. "It's not a competitor to the *Telegraph*." Indeed not.

A RECENT edition of the London *Evening Standard* carried an article about Japan by Murray Sayle, portentously datelined "Tokyo, Tuesday".

This came as something of a surprise — not least to Sayle himself, who has been living in London since the end of May.

HP SAUCE

MPs had been having second thoughts about Michael Mates's extraordinary "personal statement". They had been musing over his peroration in which he protested that it is the job of MPs like himself to come to the Commons to complain about alleged failures in the legal system — especially when, as in the case of Mr Nadir, there is an allegation that the security services were involved.

Two people outside parliament have also taken a special interest in Mates's claim.

The first is Colin Wallace, the former army information officer who worked down the passage from Mates in the British army headquarters at Lurgan, Northern Ireland, in the mid-1970s. Wallace was sacked from the army in 1975, and protested that he was the victim of the security services because he refused to take part in their dirty tricks against elected ministers.

In 1990, the ministry of defence commissioned a special inquiry into Wallace's allegations, in particular that his civil service appeal board had been nobbled by MI5 officers.

On the day after this inquiry was set up, MPs asked the Commons select committee on defence to investigate Wallace's charges. The chairman of the committee was one Michael Mates MP. Here was a case apparently after Mates's heart: a man claiming he was the victim of the system, especially the criminal justice system and the security services. Mates's reply was forthright. His committee would not touch the allegations. "There is," he said, "no evidence that there was subversion. And until anyone can produce proper evidence, there is no need to have an inquiry." (House of Commons, 1 February, 1990).

The second party interested in Mr Mates's noble resignation statement is Mrs Ann Hill. She lives at Whitehill, near Bordon, Hampshire, in Mates's constituency. In 1988, her son Sam was convicted of murdering another young man in the area by hitting him over the head with a baseball bat during a fight between rival gangs.

The curious feature of the case against Sam Hill (his barrister was John Gorman QC, who represented Patrick Molloy in the Carl Bridgewater case nine years earlier) was that a young man in the same gang, David Smith, had from the outset admitted that he had struck the vital blow and that Sam Hill had never once hit anyone with the baseball bat. Despite this admission, Sam Hill went down for life for murder and Smith got 18 months for grievous bodily harm.

Immediately after the case, Mrs Hill rang her MP at the House of Commons. "I told him Sam had been wrongly convicted and asked if he could help," she told the *Eye*. "But he didn't seem at all interested. He said: 'Well, he's guilty isn't he?' and ended the conversation."

Five years later, after the case had been on television and had gone to the court of appeal, Mates showed some interest. On 12 March this year, he wrote to Sam Hill's solicitors saying he would "follow" the case and its outcome and would be glad to help "in any material way".

The case went to the court of appeal. Despite the continued admission of David Smith (who stood to go to prison for life) and the mountain of forensic evidence supporting the defence, the court upheld Sam Hill's conviction. The case was no longer sub judice. Mrs Hill is still campaigning for her son. But no more has been heard from the MP whose sensitivity to breakdowns in the legal system he has so movingly publicised.

IN THE political furore over the award of the £5 billion nuclear submarine refitting contract to the Devonport dockyard last week, a disturbing aspect of the decision went largely unnoticed: that it has handed an alarming degree of control over the UK's notionally independent deterrent to a US contractor, Brown & Root.

As the leading light in the DML consortium that manages Devonport, B&R will obviously be responsible for keeping the Trident submarines at sea over the next 20 years. But as a member of the Hunting-Brae troika that moved in to manage the atomic weapons establishment at Aldermaston at the end of April, it will also be in charge of making the warheads for the missiles that the boats will carry.

With the latter contract conservatively estimated to be worth £200 million over its five-year duration, it is not hard to see why the US firm was so enthusiastically sponsoring events at the last Tory party conference.

AFTER 10 weeks there has still been no response to the serious accusation of Richard Caborn, chairman of the Commons trade and industry select committee, that Michael Heseltine and John Major tricked Parliament over the coal review.

Caborn made his claim in writing to the Commons liaison committee, which consists of the chairmen of select committees. He asked liaison's Sir Terence Higgins to take action because Hezza and Major had undermined parliamentary authority "by procedural means and political manipulation".

His charge was that they used his committee's inquiry into the coal crisis "to reassure the House, the public and the miners" that there was a chance of an agreed solution being found — but dropped it when it seemed convenient and never gave MPs a chance to vote of the select committee's plan.

WHILE the Tories' transport policy is generally accepted to be non-existent (a choice between roads, roads or roads), Labour's ideas — to build all the new roads the Tories want and to invest heavily in rail — are just as unrealistic.

In mid June the Welsh Office announced that a £300 million motorway was to be built near Newport, south Wales, with locals given the "choice" of three routes (not building the road was not an option).

The proposal would ruin up to six sites of special scientific interest and a planned special protection area, but such things are to be expected from the Conservative party. Objectors were dismayed to hear Jon Owen Jones, the Labour MP for Cardiff Central, blathering on about the enormous benefits the motorway would bring the local economy — the same MP who has recently renewed his membership of Cardiff Friends of the Earth.

A SNEAKY attempt to gerrymander Birmingham's constituency boundaries has been nipped in the bud by the blundering of the city's Labour MPs and council.

The Boundary Commission wants to axe one of the city's 12 seats and reorganise the rest along natural borders. But its proposals would abolish Roger Godsiff's seat in Small Heath, take a vital ward away from Jeff Rooker in Perry Barr and strengthen Ladywood's Clare Short — who has long been a thorn in the side of Labour council leader Sir "Dick" Knowles and his leader-in-waiting, Albert Bore, whom Short ousted as prospective MP 14 years ago.

Now they have written to hundreds of people in the city asking them to orchestrate a spurious public opinion campaign aimed at strengthening marginal seats like Yardley and Northfield and bringing Tory strongholds into Ladywood. The chief target of the letters has been Labour supporters and staff in the hundreds of voluntary organisations that depend on city grants. The letters contain 10 "strictly confidential" tips on swaying the commission's judgement in Labour's favour, and warn recipients on no account to mention who they work for or their party membership.

But this clumsy undercover effort to change constituency boundaries by disguising a Labour party campaign as public opinion has failed: someone sent a copy of the missive to the Boundary Commission, which has demanded an explanation.

HARTLEY BOOTH, the barrister who replaced Lady Thatcher as Tory MP for Finchley, is gaining a new reputation in Barnet.

Barnet is destined to lose one of its four parliamentary seats in the imminent Boundary Commission review. Either John Marshall (Hendon South), John Gorst (Hendon North), Sydney Chapman (Chipping Barnet) or Booth himself will be picking up a redundancy cheque at the next general election.

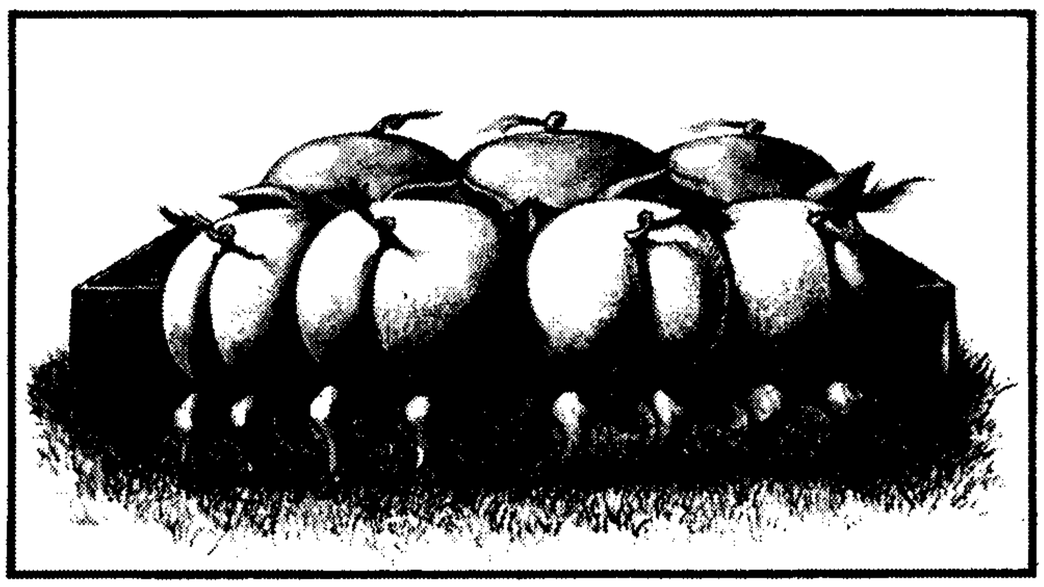
By coincidence, Booth has been making some apparently unscheduled visits to his colleagues' constituencies over the last few months. Whether it is the neighbourhood watch, a museum or a disabled people's home, no cause is too obscure to merit Booth's attention. He is even laughingly referred to as "the last colonist of the British empire".

Meanwhile, Booth can recover from his punishing schedule of public-spirited excursions in his new house. Interestingly, it is not located within his own constituency, but in Mill Hill, currently in Hendon North. Mill Hill happens to be the geographic centre of Barnet and could fall inside any of the three redrawn constituencies that are to be proposed by the commission.

'Backbiter'

MPs FOR HIRE

PART NINE of our series names the MPs who work for political and parliamentary lobbying companies.



☆ **Patrick Cormack** *South Staffordshire*: Consultant to Parliamentary Communications Ltd.

✪ **Quentin Davies** *Stamford and Spalding*: Director of Dewe Rogerson Consultants Ltd.

☆ **Nirj Deva** *Brentford and Isleworth*: Director of Parliamentary and Public Affairs International Ltd.

Hugh Dykes *Harrow East*: Shareholder in Dewe Rogerson Ltd.

☆ **Peter Fry** *Wellingborough*: Consultant to Parliamentary Monitoring Services Ltd; Consultant to Countrywide Political Communications; Westminster Advisers Ltd.

☆ **Sir George Gardiner** *Reigate*: Public affairs consultant.

Sir Michael Grylls *North West Surrey*: Introduces clients for Ian Greer Associates and in return has received commission payments. He did not declare those clients.

☆ **Michael Jopling** *Westmorland and Lonsdale*: Consultant to Hill and Knowlton (UK) Ltd.

☆ **Peter Luff** *Worcester*: Consultant to Good Relations Ltd.

☆ **Dame Angela Rumbold** *Mitcham and Morden*: Executive director of Decision Makers Ltd.

☆ **Sir Keith Speed** *Ashford*: Director and shareholder of Westminster Communications Ltd.

☆ **Michael Stephen** *Shoreham*: Consultant and shareholder of Parliamentary and Public Affairs International Ltd.

✪ **Sir Malcolm Thornton** *Crosby*: Director of Keene Public Affairs Consultants Ltd.

✪ **Mark Wolfson** *Sevenoaks*: Business consultant.

✪ = Does *not* declare any clients. ☆ = Does declare clients

Grovel

TO THE *Spectator* summer party, where I arrive along with the former Leaderene, though both of us on separate bicycles.

Lady Thatcher is greeted by Conrad Black's flunkey — carrot-haired *Spectator* deputy editor Simon Heffer — who ushers her through the house into the crowded garden, where numerous hacks are slaking their thirst. Thereafter I am at all times able to locate her by spying Heffer's distinctive bobbing head. Otherwise, politicians are thin on the ground, the Eurosceptic Peter Lilley being the only cabinet minister I come across.

My annual prize for the drunkest person goes to Damian Thompson, religious affairs correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.

A special award for initiative goes to Damian's colleague Christopher Howse, the bibulous Catholic zealot who runs the *Sunday Telegraph*'s correspondence page. Espying Lady Thatch, Howse lurches over and begs her to write a letter for inclusion in his section. "Get Enoch to do it," is her curt reply.

This year I am obliged to make an additional citation: for the person most drunk with depraved desire. It goes to Maggie-loving *Sunday Torygraph* editor Charles Moore, who bumps into Labour MP George Galloway and anxiously inquires: "Have you seen my heroine?" Galloway replies: "I thought you would have been out in the street laying your cloak down for her to walk across as she arrived."

"You know, it's funny," replies Moore, gazing into the middle distance, transported by reverie. "A friend of mine asked me recently whether I fancied her... I told him I wasn't interested in penetration, but that I wouldn't mind a massive snog."

FRIGHTENING news reaches me concerning Jeffrey Archer: the "novelist" peer apparently now nurses an ambition to appear on the stage.

Ruthie Rogers recently hosted a dinner for Lord Archer at her trendy Hammersmith eaterie, the River Cafe. It was a gathering of liberal-left worthies, none of whom especially wished to break bread with the ludicrous Tory peer but who nevertheless felt obliged to express their thanks to him for persuading John Major to meet with Salman Rushdie.

In the course of chatting to National Theatre director Richard Eyre, Archole asked: "When are you going to revive your production of *Toad of Toad Hall*? It was so wonderful." Before Eyre could reply, Archole continued: "Well, when you do, I want to be Mr Toad. Don't you think I'd make an excellent Toad?"

He then rose from his chair and offered his interpretation of the part.

SO FAREWELL then, Sir Martin Gilliat, private secretary to the Queen Mother.

Sir Martin endeared himself to me recently when he helped to organise a cabaret for the QM given by Stephen Fry and Rowan Atkinson.

Uncertain about the degree of licence they would be allowed on such an august occasion, they approached Sir Martin for advice. "Don't worry," he reassured them, "the Queen Mother loves the lavatory. But, of course, no fucks or cunts!"

KENNETH CLARKE, living up to his image of political bruiser, writes a highly intemperate letter to one of my readers.

Leslie Kent, from Stamford in Lincolnshire, had nominated the chancellor in Grovel's coveted Shit of the Year award, and wrote to Mr Clarke telling him so.

"Thank you very much for copying to me your letter to the Editor of Private Eye," Clarke replied to Mr Kent. "I have to say that it reached the intellectual heights that I would expect of an avid reader of that particular magazine."

Clarke knows what he is talking about, for he is himself an avid reader of *Private Eye*. Only recently he went to great lengths to deny what Slicker had called "hardly plausible gossip" about him (*Eyes* 821 and 822), remarking, "I recently read a totally untrue story about me in the middle of your Slicker column..."

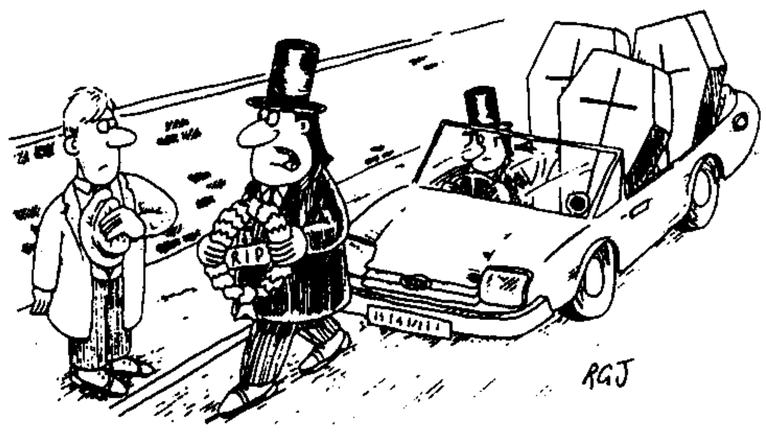
Perhaps Mr Clarke should spend more time reading the Maastricht treaty, rather than the *Eye*.

● *I AM IMPRESSED by the loyalty shown by Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill to his great chum, Michael "Death Wish" Winner.*

When Brillo saw the Sunset Times theatre critic's review of Present Laughter, which features the modest talents of Ms Jenny Seagrove, Winner's longtime paramour, Brillo's tanned face turned deathly pale.

The review in the paper's grim "culcha" section was less than enthusiastic; and as the offending page had gone to press, editor Brillo ordered a full-page puff to be thrown together in the even grimmer "style" section, hyping the show and including lavish praise of Ms Leggy's role.

With friends like Brillo, who needs real theatre critics?



"They were joyriders"

TO LUCKNAM Park, the notorious BBC hotel, which was chosen for the Raine wedding reception. Not only was it combed by security men for weeks on end before the party, I learn, but all the staff, including the kitchen porters, were forced to sign the official secrets act. Bizarre, *non*?

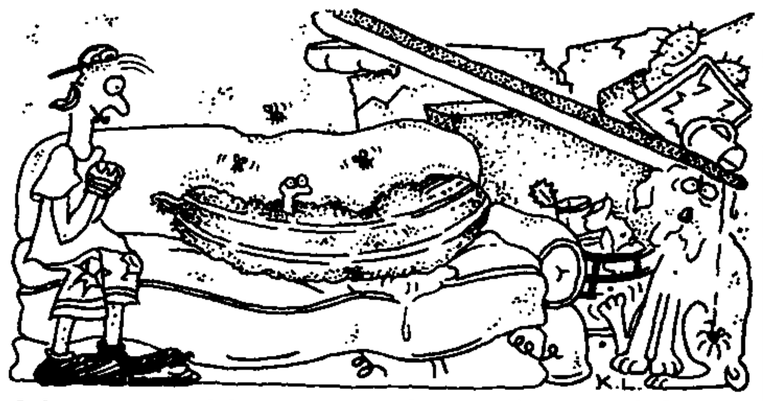
MORE about John Selwyn Gummer and the incident in which our highly respected environment secretary and former Church of England synod member had his trousers forcibly removed by two men in a gentlemen's lavatory (*Eye* 823).

I should remind readers that Gummer, having interrupted one of the men micturition, had been liberally doused in urine and was soaked to the skin. The man responsible was Germano Facetti, a book designer at the publishers where Gummer was a troubleshooter, and he has written to his colleague from that fateful day, Bobby Hunt, regretting that he has not able to urinate over more members of the British cabinet.

Even handedly, however, the Italian admits that if he wanted to perform the same trick over the Italian cabinet he would need "an enormous, gargantuan bladder".

Pip Pip!

Pseuds Corner



A large, mouldy marrow sits on the couch in the living room of fashion designer Liza Bruce's Hammersmith home. It has been there for months, gently rotting. "I like mould", says the 38 year-old designer. "It adds character". The idea of decay balanced with grandeur appeals to her: when the mantelpiece collapsed a few months ago it was left as it fell, hanging diagonally across the fireplace. "It sets the tone" she says.

Observer Magazine

For Chaudhuri writes radiantly exact prose. His syntax may waver and curl (but the prose in this book imitates the winding melodies of the Indian raag) but the writing is not precious, because of this stunning facility for exactitude ... Again and again, he produces the perfect adjective, the stupendous adverb. These words sting the ordinary into strangeness; they have the unmistakability of pain. When Chaudhuri describes a kettle rising to a "steady solipsistic bubbling" – could that word "solipsistic" be improved on? Or a toilet in Oxford whose cistern "gurgled candidly each time someone flushed it" – isn't "candidly" witty and precise?

James Wood
Guardian

Q. What is your greatest regret?
A. That I didn't find a whole deep frozen mammoth in Kamchatka – only a couple of bones.

Christina Dodwell
Weekend Guardian,
'The Questionnaire'

Renowned for their physically demanding performances, *Goat Island* return to Arnolfini with their new show, *It's Shifting, Hank*. By combining movement sequences with post-punk rock music it builds in urgency creating complex anti-dance choreography which resonates with imagery of Red Cross life-saving and water safety techniques.

Arnolfini Gallery Bristol
programme

Q. How do you relax?
A. Resting in a tent on a pile of deerskins listening to musical voices talking in Koryak.

Christina Dodwell
as above

I smoke the Toscanelli, a unique kind of cigar or cheroot, which is a cut-down version of something called a Tosca. It's a kind of great, flaring, trumpet-type thing of very, very dark black tobacco. I think that they are hand-rolled – I can't conceive how machines could make them so idiosyncratic. Even in a pack of five you will get some that are kind of spindly and fox-turdy ... They have a very strong flavour, they are sort of tetanus-ey and meaty, raunchy and dead bodyish.

Will Self
Independent Magazine

Last week I was on the road with the New Age travellers, and I didn't dress like I normally do. I didn't want to look like an absolute prat. So I wore a linen suit.

Joan Bakewell
Guardian

CONTRIBUTORS: Everyone, R. Killick, J. Browne, Mark Carter, Stephen McCubbin, John Hart, Jane Carr

£10 paid for entries

NOOKS and CORNERS

IN RECENT weeks I have dwelt on the affair of the baldacchino in the Roman Catholic church of St Robert Bellarmine in Bootle and the brave attempt by parishioners to resist its gratuitous destruction. I must admit that this church is a little obscure and the designer of the baldacchino scarcely well known, although that is not the point: it is the principle of the thing that matters.

Now here is a case which shows, even more tellingly, that the absence of any effective system of aesthetic control within the Roman Catholic church is a scandal because it concerns a church which, by any civilised standards, is great architecture designed by a great architect.

St Joseph's Church in Sheringham was begun in 1910 and is an early work by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, OM: he of Liverpool Cathedral and many magnificent churches, he of the late lamented red telephone box, he of the rebuilt House of Commons and of Bankside power station, now threatened by its inappropriate new owners, Messrs Nuclear Electric.

Scott designed the Sheringham church not long after he won the competition for the Anglican cathedral in Liverpool at the age of 22. Built of smooth red brick, internally it is tall and narrow, with all attention focused on the east wall. A subtle rhythm of low arches in the bare plastered walls leads the eye towards the gilded reredos of painted panels which rises up above a fine marble altar.

Naturally, since Vatican II, a temporary freestanding altar has been placed in the sanctuary. Now, and not for the first time, Scott's work is threatened with mutilation.

I quote from Canon McBride in the parish bulletin for 20 June, who tells us that the main purpose of the proposed changes "is to accentuate the altar which should be the focal point of the sanctuary & church... So the marble altar will be brought forward at the height of the 2nd existing step, reduced in length to the present altar... The reredos will be lowered once the altar is moved forward, & what used to be the Benediction throne, on the reredos, will make an ideal setting for the tabernacle. Much care & thought has gone into the planning & I'm sure the end result will enhance our church as well as adapting it better to the modern liturgy..."

Really? Giles Scott was nothing if not a careful and inspired church designer. Everything at Sheringham was most thoughtfully and exquisitely designed, including the curving steps and the marble rails — which are to be moved. The proportional and artistic relationship between the

hanging rood, the small high rose window on the east wall and the superb reredos beneath were all precisely considered.

Lowering this reredos is, simply, barbarism. As for reducing the length of the marble altar, this cannot be done without destroying it as it is decorated with inlaid dark marble and is carefully detailed at the end corners. Would Canon McBride cut the sides off a fine painting if it did not fit into a new frame? Would his bishop knock the arms off a statue if it was too large for a niche? Perhaps they would.

St Joseph's Roman Catholic church in Sheringham is a work of architecture of a high order, the complete creation of one of the greatest British architects of this century. It is a building of transcendant quality and of national importance which, if secular, would be listed and protected from gratuitous and barbarous mutilation. Any necessary alterations should be carried out by modern designers of great sensitivity and only after wide debate and consultation. Instead, crude plans have been cobbled together, approved by the diocese (naturally), and passed by the pliant and obedient parish council.

"The work is planned to begin in early September & finished well before Christmas. There will have to be some accommodating, but hopefully not too much."[!?] This is tragically unnecessary and irresponsible — and ecclesiastical exemption a continuing scandal.

NOT, OF COURSE, that statutory planning legislation can necessarily protect fine architecture under our caring government. Take the case of Ashby St Ledgers in Northamptonshire, a peculiarly pleasant village with a wonderful parish church, greatly enhanced by a series of early 20th century interventions by another very great British architect: Sir Edwin Lutyens, OM, who added to the manor, built cottages and houses in the village and designed the war memorial and the Wimbourne Monument in the churchyard.

Naturally, Ashby St Ledgers is full of listed buildings and is a conservation area, yet, in the last few years, any and every available site has been built on with new houses — including one right next to the churchyard entrance and the Wimbourne Monument — by Ashby St Ledgers Farms Ltd, also known as Midland Meat Packers, also known as Baker Brothers, who now own much of the estate following the departure of Lord Wimbourne.

Nothing wrong with new houses, of course, in pretty villages — we can't have nimbyism. It is just that the contrast between the new houses by Lutyens, who carefully respected local traditions, and those by Peter Haddon & Partners, who don't, would be hilarious if it were not so tragic. Now this sharp firm is in with an application to build in the grounds of the Home Farm.

All these unfortunate changes have been bitterly opposed by the villagers, whose objections have been endorsed by Daventry district council. Then the developers appeal to the department of the environment and get their own way. I wonder why? For the DoE's approved structure plan recommends against new developments in the village. Such is planning.

'Piloti'

Sally Deedes

THERE has been a response to my piece on Ace Locksmiths, who advertised a "multi-selection car set" claiming that the keys would open most foreign and British cars and cause no damage (see *Eye* 821).

A consultant engineer in Cirencester, who had himself received unsolicited letters from Ace Locksmiths, pointed out that the May edition of *Garage News* carried an article ("Key Concern") which quoted a spokesman from the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders as saying: "This has been going on for years. It comes at a time when the motor industry has been criticised for a general lack of security consciousness. To make it so easy to get hold of these keys is really quite ludicrous."

Turning to the back of that very issue, one can see a full-page advertisement for... Ace Locksmiths. It promises your money-back guarantee if you are not delighted with the keys.

A READER sends a curious missive he received from British Telecom after his phone had been playing up. A formula letter, it ran thus: "We have fully investigated the fault which was reported, not necessarily by you, and should now be fully restored as a result of engineering works. We have tried to telephone you to confirm this, but without success. If you feel you still have a problem with the line, do not hesitate to call us and we will arrange for further tests to be made." Presumably on someone else's telephone.

Bankers

IN 1991 John McAvoy went to live in Washington. His current account at the National Westminster bank in London's Oxford Street was left open with only a small balance and all standing orders cancelled.

In July last year, however, the account was debited £360 in favour of an insurance company. The debit forced the account into overdraft. Since this was paid in error he had the payment reversed,, but the NatWest still levied charges, which to date total £171.80. The "overdraft" in question lasted about three months and subsequent overdrafts have been solely as a result of bank charges.

One of the more disturbing aspects has been the way the NatWest has drastically increased charges levied on his account without any prior warning, by withdrawing his credit zone limit (the pre-arranged borrowing limit on any account) after his account — by its own doing — had become overdrawn. NatWest currently charges an additional £36 per charge period if the account is overdrawn.

In October last year, the bank agreed to refund the £360 and assured Mr McAvoy all charges relating to the problem had been cancelled. In January the bank wrote again apologising and saying the charges would be reimbursed. The charges are still mounting.

EYE TV

Michael Ball
(Carlton)

Bobby Davro: Rock With Laughter
(BBC1)

DINOSAURS are everywhere at the moment with the hyping of *Jurassic Park*. Square Eyes, though, can exclusively reveal that the methods used in the film — scientifically resurrecting a long-dead animal — have now been extended to television by some crazed boffins with no social conscience. With panic-stricken eyes, we see, walking the earth for the first time since the prehistoric seventies, the television variety show.

In the 60s and 70s many hours of the schedules were filled with shows based around a singer — Cliff Richard, Lulu, Cilla, Val Doonican — belting out their hits (while a youthful dance troupe called Tuppenny Luck or Carnaby Streak gyrated behind them) and doing duets with some "very special friends of mine", booked by the producer. However, fashions change, and, more recently, a variety show has had to have a chat, comedy or game-show element as well. But, just when you thought it was safe to go back to the living room, *Michael Ball* (Carlton) is the original brontosaurus of the form.

Ball — no relation, apparently, to TV's Bobby Ball of *Cannon and Ball* infamy — is a chunky, bouncy thirtysomething with soft curls (or a bubble-perm) and a big grin: he resembles the young David Essex. His constant astonishment at being famous, however, is more like Cliff Richard. "Who'd have thought it?" Ball begins, "*My own show.*" Then he promises that "in the second half of the show I'll be introducing and hopefully singing with the master of the soul, Ray Charles..."

That "hopefully" hopelessly carbon-dates the show's true age. It was the kind of thing stars said in the infancy of television, before the audience wised up: before they realised that Ball and Charles would have rehearsed their number before the recording.

The studio stage set is shaped like a giant grand piano. It can change through a variety of pastel shades while Ball sings. He also has a pack of backing dancers, who mooch around swinging their arms and trying to stay out of the star's follow-spot. Variety shows always included an element of autobiography: the star doing numbers from their own journey towards the heights of their own television show. Hence Ball announces: "What I thought I'd do is a song every week from the area of music which gave me my first break... musicals."

Ball belts out "Empty Chairs and Empty Tables" from *Les Miz*. Television being a more directly visual medium than theatre, the director has arranged a number of empty chairs and empty tables around Ball in a dramatic realisation of the lyric. Because he is, by nature, a West End singer-actor, Ball's main talent is projection, which is sadly not very telegenic. The director was stuck shuffling big close-ups of a twisted face caught somewhere between orgasm and constipation.

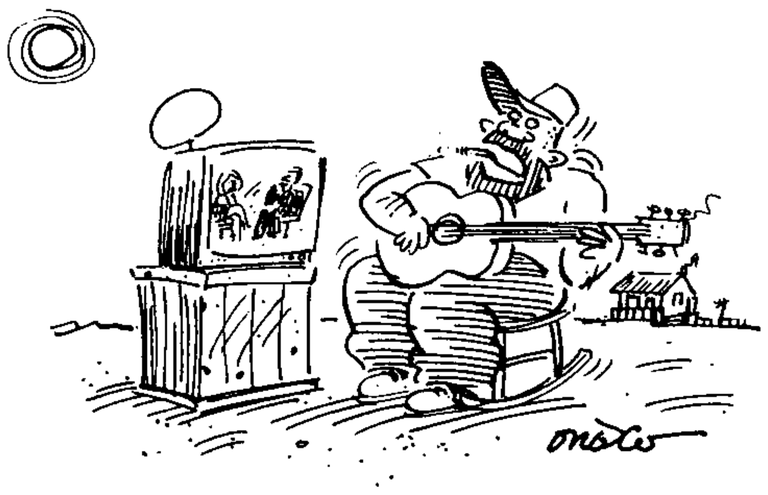
But release comes with a commercial break and, then, luckily, Ray Charles can drop by, and (phew!) does agree to do a duet. Either they had rehearsed it, or Charles was able to do from memory a song from Michael Ball's first album. Also, it was probably just a fault on Square Eyes's television set, but on his (or is it her?) picture, Ray Charles, during his solo number, seemed to be able to raise both hands to scratch his chin and neck without it obviously affecting the sound from his piano.

Ball, though, vamps up the flattery, which always seems to be an unspoken part of the deal to appear on variety shows. "I can't believe it, here on my first show, the one and only Mr Ray Charles!" Square Eyes is, admittedly, quite bitter and twisted, but for some reason imagined a subtitle on the screen during that speech, reading: "We couldn't get a star as big as we hoped for."

Still, if executives had to clone something from the 70s, better Ball than *Bobby Davro: Rock With Laughter* (BBC1). As well as variety shows featuring singers, the schedules of 20 years ago were also filled with impressionists (Mike Yarwood being the most famous).

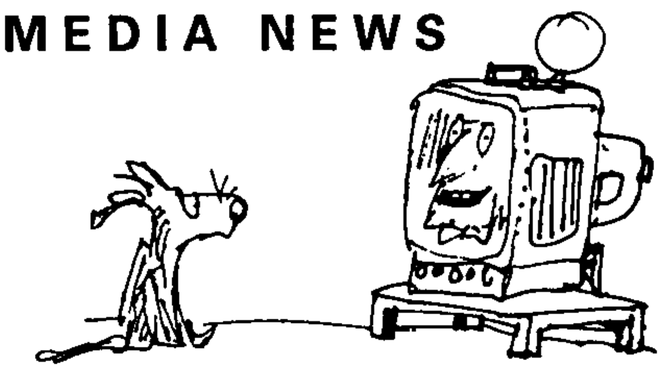
A throwback to that age, Bobby Davro is billed as a "comedy impressionist", which turns out to mean that he pretends to be funny. The sub-title *Rock With Laughter* wouldn't stand a chance against trade descriptions legislation, except that it is a thematic conceit, referring to the fact that Davro spasmodically appeared as a rocker. But even a historical structure does not excuse doing impersonations of Ronnie Corbett's "chair" routine (last seen on television about 10 years ago) in 1993.

'Square Eyes'



"Woke up this morning with Richard and Judy..."

MEDIA NEWS



ASSET-STRIPPING continues at the "merged" Yorkshire-Tyne Tees Television, where a further 188 redundancies (in Newcastle, London and Leeds) have reduced the Tyne Tees area workforce to 150 — just half the figure agreed at the franchise auction.

Meanwhile, Yorkshire continues to struggle to meet its ridiculous £34 million franchise payments. Its latest wheeze is to refuse to pay repeat fees to actors in the popular soap *Emmerdale*.

Yorkshire is contractually committed to paying 50 percent of the actors' wages for repeat showings. Pleading poverty, the company has asked them to take a pay cut so they can be paid 50 percent of a lower fee. The luvvies have said no, and the dispute is deadlocked. The future of *Emmerdale* looks to be in doubt — another franchise promise going down the tube?

HACKS at the Dirty Digger's Sky News clearly take their newsgathering operation very seriously.

Last Monday one Sky reporter boasted that he had made "20 grand over the weekend" by selling stories about TV doctor Hilary Jones's infidelities to the *News of the Screws* and about Serena Stanhope to the *People*. He also claimed to have another Stanhope yarn which he intends to sell to the tabloids just before her marriage to Viscount Linley.

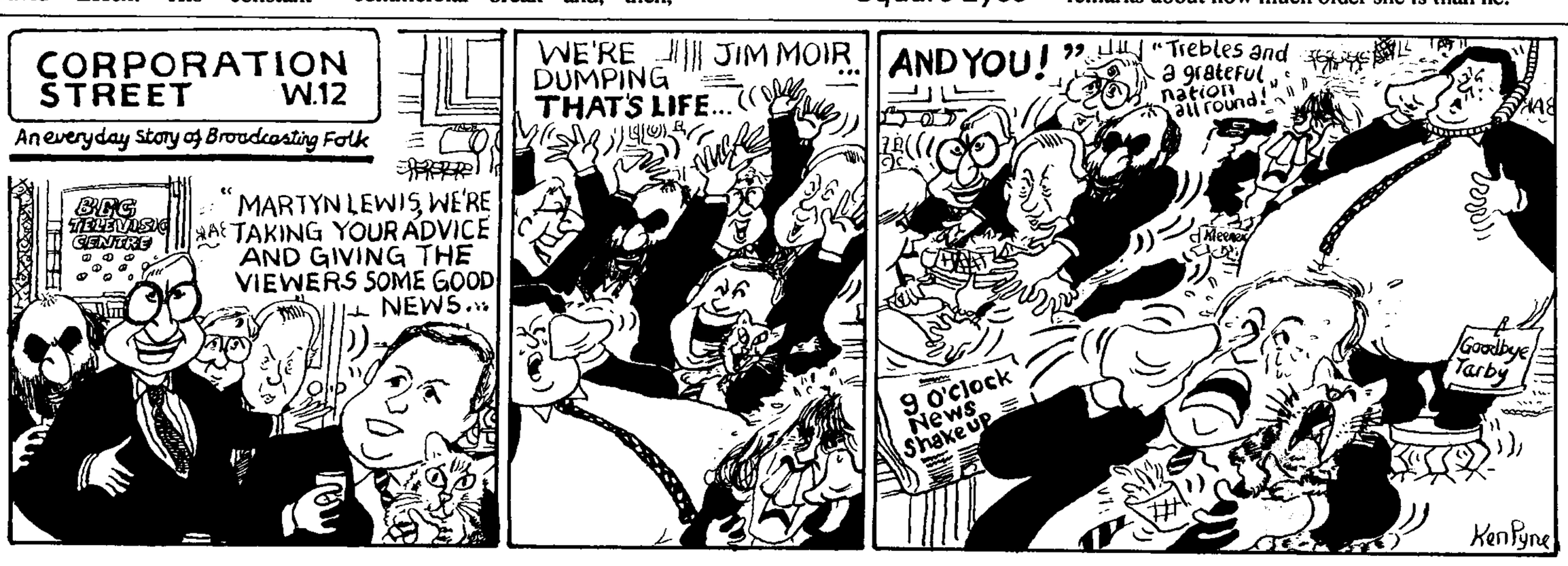
It is a pity the Sky hacks are less successful at finding any stories to broadcast on their own channel. The atmosphere in the newsroom at the moment is described as being "worse than *Drop the Dead Donkey*".

WHILE ageing pop picker Johnny Beerling is finally forced out as controller of BBC Radio One, only ravers from the grave need apply for the job.

Beerling's success has been so conspicuous that huge gains have been made by rivals Atlantic 252 and the recently launched Virgin 1215. Atlantic, which broadcasts on low tech long wave, is largely run by ex-Radio One managers, who rubbed salt into their former boss's wounds by persuading one of their DJs to adopt the name of Johnny Beerling as a pseudonym.

The real Beerling's demise may signal the end for the likes of Simon Bates, whose hopes of retaining his prime slot rest with the return of Beerling's former deputy Roger Lewis, who left R1 because his promotion path was blocked.

The choice of who will take over rests with Liz Forgan, 103, and she can be expected to look favourably on her former Channel 4 colleague Janet Street-Porter, 102. If Street-Porter gets the job, she is unlikely to forget the more public attacks on her by Bates, 101 — especially his remarks about how much older she is than he.


CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday Story of Broadcasting Folk
BBC TELEVISION CENTRE
"MARTYN LEWIS, WE'RE TAKING YOUR ADVICE AND GIVING THE VIEWERS SOME GOOD NEWS..."
WE'RE DUMPING THAT'S LIFE... JIM MOIR...
AND YOU!"
"Trebles and a grateful nation all round!"
9 O'clock News Shake up
Goodbye Tarby
Ken Pyne

"Hi honey, I'm home early!"

NEWS THAT the BBC is planning to commission a TV series called *Fantasy League*, where contestants play at being football managers by notionally "buying" and "selling" players and monitoring their real-life performance, will come as an embarrassment to *Mirror* sports hack Nigel Clark.

Clark is one of the leaders of the press ratpack hounding England manager Graham Taylor as an incompetent idiot who can't do his job. In fact, so confident was Clark of his own superior talents at picking and choosing players, that he applied to become a regular contestant when the *Fantasy League* was tried out in radio format. He finished last... week after week after week.

JOHN BIRT, Armani-clad director-general of the BBC, has not given up his obsession with creating a "rolling news service" with which to bore radio listeners to death.

Following the success of the campaign by the chattering classes to keep Birt's misbegotten baby off Radio 4 long wave, the DG has set his sights on Radio 5.

The Save Radio 4 campaign embarrassed him into submission by enlisting the support of the great and the good — the sort of people the DG rubs shoulders with at dinners and cocktail parties. Britain's ambassadors to Europe, for instance — who don't pay the licence fee — have been taking it in turns to ring Birt personally to complain.

Birt now wants to find a home for his pet project on Radio 5, the sport-repeats-youf network which is fast approaching its third birthday. Despite being launched with virtually no publicity in 1990, the new network has built up a loyal following, particularly among sports fans. The audience has grown to a respectable five million a week, considerably more than Radio 3.

A news and sport network may sound logical, but what would have happened last week, say, to *Test Match Special*? On the final day of the Trent Bridge test, with England poised to make history by avoiding defeat, a group of anti-nuclear protesters broke into the grounds of Buckingham Palace. On a combined news and sport network, what chance would Johnners and Aggers have had against a royal security story?

I-BSkyB

Premier John Major has warned TV chiefs not to scrap News at Ten. Bosses want an early news slot so they compete later with Sky TV films.

Today, 30 June.

Birthdays today: Mr Mike Tyson, boxer, 27; Mr Tony Vickers, a director, BSkyB, 50.

Times, 30 June.

CONTRIBUTORS: Nick Spence and E.P. Kemp.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

New Archer short story

LORD ARCHER of Weston-Super-Mare recently appeared on *Newsnight* to offer studio comment on a filmed report about the plight of the Kurds. His expertise and interest in Kurdish matters remain somewhat curious, however.

Archole stated quite incorrectly on the programme that the Kurds are Armenians, and even suggested that their ultimate objective is an autonomous nation state. This assertion, which is guaranteed to antagonise neighbouring Turkey (with its own population of ethnic Kurds), was also incorrect, since the official Kurdish policy is to seek semi-autonomous status within a democratic Iraq.

His performance was of a piece with his attitude towards the whole Kurdish problem. For, while his coffers begin to fill from the proceeds of his latest blockbuster (which features Saddam Hussein at the centre of an asinine plot to steal the US declaration of independence), it has come to light that Archer and associates last year tried to pull off a bizarre business deal to acquire the oil rights to Kurdistan.

In the spring of 1992 Archer approached Tom Hardie-Forsyth, a Kurdish speaking ex-army officer previously seconded to the safe havens and now director of the charity Kurdistan Reconstruction Organization.

Knowing that the Kurds were in dire straits and in short supply of kerosene and other hydrocarbon products, Lord Archer offered to introduce the Kurdish leadership to "some friends of mine who might help".

Hardie-Forsyth, along with Massoud Barzani, leader of the Kurdish Democratic Party, had several meetings with Archer and others, both at Alembic House where Archer has a penthouse flat overlooking Westminster, and at 22 Jermyn Street, a suite of hotel apartments owned by his chum Henry Togna.

It transpired that Archer was a shareholder and chairman of a Panama-registered shell company, Systems Engineering and Technology Company (SETCO). His partners in this enterprise were Henry Togna (president) and Raymond Christopherson (managing director). Christopherson is the front man for Lebanese millionaire businessman Hani Salaam, whose company Gulf Resources has struck lucrative deals with the US giant Occidental Oil.

Archer wanted the Kurdish leadership to sign a mandate giving SETCO "exclusive authority to explore for, produce, export and sell oil, gas and other mineral resources situated on, under and within the area known as Kurdistan and otherwise defined as the Vilayet of Mosul..."

In the course of the negotiations, which dragged on for some time, Lord Archer and his partners claimed they were working with the tacit approval of both the US state department and the British foreign office, and even named key officials as their backers. They also told the Kurds they had the backing of the Occidental Oil Company.

Yet when Hardie-Forsyth checked out these claims with the various parties concerned, a rather different picture emerged. He obtained a copy of a fax from Robert Oakley, of the United States Institute of Peace, to Hani Salaam, which stated: "Erroneous reports circulating in London Kurdish circles have reached key people here (ie, in Washington). These reports allege that I have said Occidental Petroleum has a concession for N. Iraq which has been approved for operation by the state department as an exemption to the UN sanctions. State department is taking steps to correct these reports, stating that: 1) it has no knowledge of an Occidental concession; 2) there has as yet been no application by the Kurds for sanctions relief with respect to oil and gas operations; 3) if and when such an application is received, it will be considered, but it is up to the UN to approve or disapprove." Oakley concludes, somewhat testily: "My credibility (and yours) seems still to be intact with the State Department, but barely."

Challenged by Hardie-Forsyth, Lord Archer and Henry Togna explained that neither the US state department nor the FCO could openly endorse their activities and that therefore it would be natural that they denied all knowledge of them. The same applied to Occidental, as Togna explained in a letter to one of the Kurdish negotiators, Dr Latif Rashid. "I should also like to draw your attention to the fact that any negotiations, visits or movements of materials would be prohibited in the United States by reason of the 'trading with the enemy act' and this certainly would preclude any US company from having any direct connection with you at the present time."

The negotiations between SETCO and the Kurds collapsed. Hardie-Forsyth and the Kurds felt the mandate they were being invited to sign was punitive, although Togna wrote to them saying that it was "no less onerous than could be expected under the prevailing circumstances".

Since then the Kurds have had immense difficulty developing an oil policy through the United Nations and HMG. As a result, Hardie-Forsyth has recently written to Patrick Nixon, head of the FCO's Middle East department, requesting that the FCO should formally repudiate Archer's role.

WORLD OF HYPE

THE SPIN-DOCTORS and City trick-cyclists who have descended on the nuclear industry ahead of the government's review of the industry this summer have already won considerable support for their cause on the Tory backbenches.

One of their keenest disciples is Michael Jopling, the former agriculture minister. At last month's meeting of the all-party minerals group to consider the future of Thorp, the controversial reprocessing plant, Jopling spoke enthusiastically in favour of it. Two weeks later, during a Commons debate on 28 June, he made another speech which must have warmed the heart of British Nuclear Fuels and Nuclear Electric, describing Thorp as a "vitally important project" for which there was an "overwhelming" case.

On both occasions, Jopling neglected to mention one small fact: that he is employed as a "consultant" by Nuclear Electric's PR firm, Hill & Knowlton.

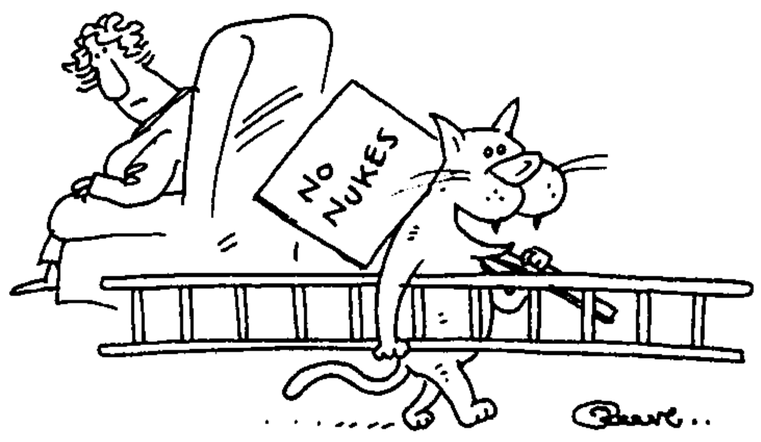
THE Police Federation, for the first time in its history, has decided to hire a firm of political lobbyists, Westminster Strategy.

In fact it should be the Police Federation who is advising Westminster Strategy about security. For at the firm's annual summer garden party in Dean's Yard, several briefcases went missing, including one containing the contacts book of a *Times* diary hack.

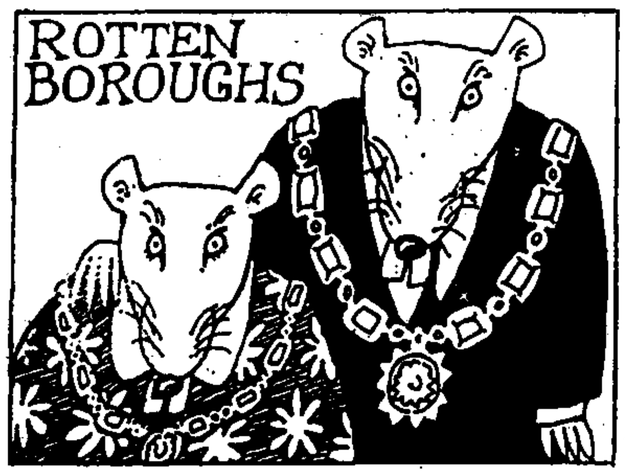
TED GRAHAM, the former Maxwell lackey who is now public relations supremo at British Telecom, has had an embarrassing assignment to negotiate on behalf of his boss, Iain Vallance, the £500,000-a-year BT chairman.

Vallance's son desires a career in journalism and for some odd reason wants to work for the *Sun* as a trainee hack. But when Graham duly wrote to the *Sun*'s editor, Kelvin Mackenzie, he got a dusty answer.

Mackenzie told him the best way to get work experience was to join a local weekly newspaper or seek employment with a freelance agency. The tactful Mackenzie also suggested another route — "crawling up the boss's backside like you used to do with Robert Maxwell at the *Daily Mirror*".



"I've been to London to see the Queen"



MANCHESTER

THERE have been very sinister developments in Britain's would-be olympic city, where the owner of a cash-and-carry company, forced out of its premises near the olympic site, has received death threats.

Last year Manchester city council tried to evict Ted Roberts's firm on Ashton New Road, a mere discus throw from the proposed olympic stadium, using that handy municipal weapon, the compulsory purchase order. The land was apparently needed for the vital Olympic Boulevard.

Roberts made the mistake of not replying immediately, so the premises were attacked by arsonists — twice — forcing him out with the loss of 54 jobs.

But Roberts now wants the public to know that at the time of the attacks he received a stencilled warning through the post which read: "You are not to rebuild on the present site, move to an alternative area... should you still refuse then you shall be executed whithin [*sic*] the year, this is final."

The year has passed, but Roberts later received another warning: "You have exhausted my clients patience and become a problem... make the necessary arrangements for your next of kin... you were warned."

Roberts, still furious that his shop was demolished (in time for a visit to Manchester by members of the international olympic committee), is now offering a £5,000 reward for information leading to the arrest of the arsonists.

MURKEYSIDE

IN THE BRAVE new world of corporate education, Liverpool polytechnic renamed itself "John Moores University", despite more than 90 percent of the student body disliking the idea.

Polytechnic heads steamrollered the change through in honour of the Littlewoods Pools magnate, hoping he might show further benefaction to the institution. Potential students now have to fill in pools coupons before being considered for a place.

Naming things has become something of an obsession with J.M. University top dogs. An internal memo written by "Executive Director" Jennifer Latto, involves dreaming up names for new halls of residence. Should they name the new buildings after Liverpool Docks (eg Canning, Albert, Wapping)? Possibly politically incorrect, opines Latto, because some may be associated with the slave trade. What about current Liverpool bores like Willie Russell and Alan Bleasdale? "Being still alive they may yet commit embarrassing and unsuitable acts," Professor Latto charitably observes. "In fact, this is extremely probable looking at the names.(!) It would however be trendy, and popular with the young."

Latto concludes that the university would be safer naming its new buildings after *dead* poets. Any "unsuitable acts" committed by the likes of Lewis Carrol, Sassoon or Hopkins would no doubt be lost on the type of student the highly paid executives in the education business hopes to attract nowadays.

WEST WILTSHIRE

HOW THE mighty are fallen... Not long ago, West Wiltshire council went in for major grown-up corruption, but now all it can muster is a bit of minor abuse of privilege by a nonentity councillor.

Readers may recall the 1990 police inquiry into the transfer of the council's computer firm to a company run by former council officers. The inquiry resulted in the arrest of the former council chief executive, and various Tory councillors being accused of making corrupt decisions.

But these days the new Liberal Democrat leaders are concerned with piffling personal abuses of the local government system.

When Lib-Dem councillor Mike Hillier spoke at a council meeting in favour of building a house in the garden of a home in Bradford-on-Avon, he somehow forgot to declare an interest in the matter — that the house in Bradford-on-Avon was his! A neighbour, Michael Coppel, claiming that fellow councillors would have rejected the application had they known of Hillier's involvement, complained to the ombudsman, who found Hillier guilty of maladministration.

He survived a motion calling for his resignation by the casting vote of the chairman, but West Wilts chargepayers have had to stump up the aggrieved neighbour's legal bill. It was only four figures — dust compared to the £1 million that went astray during the computer scandal. And the borough has been spared the embarrassment of a costly high court case, as Hillier has withdrawn the application.

NORTHAMPTON

THE Labour-dominated council in sleepy Northampton has handed nearly £1 million to the Derngate arts centre, the town's leading theatre, which relinquished its municipal ties on 1 April.

The chairman of Derngate's 13 trustees, most of whom are councillors, is the experienced arts impresario Victoria Charlton, who until two years ago part-ran the Entertainment Corporation booking company.

Entertainment Corporation brought various acts, such as the Bolshoi Ballet, to Britain, but in 1991 went bust owing more than £10 million.

Funnily enough, Charlton's glowing biography in Derngate's colour brochure, produced to mark its new trust status, makes no mention of the Entertainment Corporation. Nor has the local newspaper, the *Chronicle & Echo*, made much mention of Ms Charlton's background. Coincidentally, the *Chronic's* managing director sits on the Derngate Trust.

Presumably Ms Charlton will ensure Derngate's administrators deploy suitable care when pitching for the big names to entertain Northants.

"Not today, George. I've got too much on"

BIRMINGHAM

THE party continues for the ageing perverts and young criminals Birmingham city council just cannot stop encouraging.

The pervert in question is teacher Richard Perry, 47, recently convicted of indecency against three little girls and jailed for nine months. What none of his acquaintances knew was that Perry had sexually assaulted a nine-year-old girl in 1980. He was found out by the city's education chiefs but, thanks to some remarkable string-pulling, avoided prosecution and continued in his job.

Now the parents of his latest victims are suing the city for negligence. A rapid out-of-court settlement is expected even before writs are issued.

The young criminal comes, yet again, from the city's notorious St John's "care" home. After leading several riots which caused thousands of pounds worth of damage, most authorities would have locked him up. Birmingham social services, in its usual innovative way, decided to send him on holiday to Bristol with a social worker for company.

While the social worker, Dave Stuart, was sleeping, the 15-year-old, a persistent car thief, stole the keys to his Metro and drove off in the car, which even carried social service markings.

Stuart returned home ignominiously by train to a severe wigging from his bosses.

A BIZARRE attempt to pull rank has backfired on Birmingham councillor and curry chef Mohammed Azam.

Azam has been trying to get rid of his battered Nissan Sunny for months and arranged by phone to exchange it for an E-registered model at 257 Motors in Kingstanding.

He claimed his car was in good condition, but when he rolled up the salesman found it had an extra 40,000 miles on the clock and he was hit on the foot when the bumper fell off as he opened the bonnet. He cut his offer from £800 to £600.

Instead of accepting defeat Azam told the dealer "not to mess with me". He was a councillor, he announced, chasing the hapless salesman around the forecourt brandishing his council ID card.

The garage has written to the city to complain and Azam is now under investigation for abusing his position.

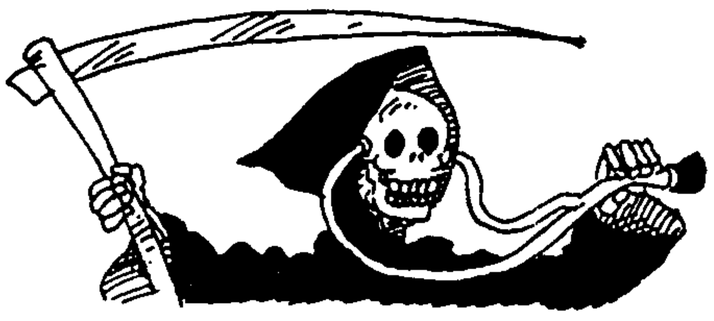
LAMBETH

MONEY continues to go missing in Lambeth, which has already "misplaced" £20 million of public funds.

Internal investigators have found that only half the 5,700 council homes they have surveyed so far are occupied by their rightful tenants. This may help explain why the council's rents and poll tax debts top £173 million.

While Lambeth tries to work out who occupies the houses, weird and wonderful stories emerge. One council officer let out a dead tenant's home to his friend and pocketed the rent; and a number of flats were being lived in by illegal immigrants, recently deported to Nigeria. Just for good measure five of those deported also worked for Lambeth council despite having no official papers.

Henry Gilbey has been appointed chief executive to try to ease the council's financial crises — despite being rejected for the job twice. Chargepayers of Britain's most indebted authority may be interested to know that Gilbey is being paid around £80,000 a year, plus a benefits package worth £15,000 a year.



DOING THE ROUNDS

LONDON'S Ealing hospital trust is £3.2 million in debt and planning 24 compulsory redundancies, including that of an F Grade sister, Barbara MacLean.

Ms MacLean recently publicised the trust's attempts to force staff to forgo their 1.5 percent pay increase. Other fundraising ventures include the introduction of a staff car parking fee, increased parking fees for visitors, reductions in the canteen service, a freeze on new equipment and a note put in with the staff payslips urging voluntary redundancies, reductions in overtime and contributions to a survival kitty. Ironically, the trust recently topped a national work rate league table for surgery.

Ealing hospital's problems stem from the fact that its principal purchaser, **Ealing health authority**, is broke. EHA's £4 million deficit only came to light after it had been taken over by the new **Ealing, Hammersmith and Hounslow health authority** on 1 April. Now the patients of Hammersmith and Hounslow will have to foot the bill for EHA's overspend. The new authority has also cancelled a £300,000 contract with **Ashford hospital**.

● **NINEWELLS hospital**, part of **Dundee teaching hospitals NHS trust**, houses a large concourse where businesses have negotiated a franchise with the trust management. One such cafe, run by Mr F.J. Esposito, serves pricey sandwiches not universally enjoyed by the staff.

Those in the operating theatre have been phoning out to Julie Johnston of Buffet Masters, who delivers high quality sandwiches to order at competitive prices. The hospital's site manager recently got wind of this competition and has barred the Buffet Masters phone number from the hospital switchboard. Ms Johnston now has to phone the theatre staff for their order, and money and sandwiches change hands in the car park.

● THE **WELLHOUSE (aka Shithouse) NHS Trust** in **Hertfordshire** continues to flounder in the internal market.

The trust is so broke that elective surgery has been limited to no more than five operations per week. Unfortunately, waiting lists are rising by 15 cases a week. Consultants at the Shithouse have now been banned from speaking to the media. Elsewhere Dr David Spear, an employee of the **South Devon Healthcare trust**, faces disciplinary action after telling the local press that the trust spends too much money on administrative staff.

● THE **Countess of Chester hospital trust** is also cutting back to recoup its spiralling £1.7 million deficit. The drugs and equipment budget is being reduced by £100,000, operating theatre staff cuts will save £40,000, the blood bank is set to lose £30,000, £15,000 is being lost from physiotherapy and £58,000 will be saved by nursing reductions in casualty. Job and pay freezes may recoup £450,000 and increased parking fees will raise £60,000.

● PROJECT 2000 nursing students at **Bath's Royal United hospital trust** are facing a 50 percent rise in rent. The financially challenged trust has decided to increase the monthly rent from £54 to £80, forcing one of the eight students to abandon her training.

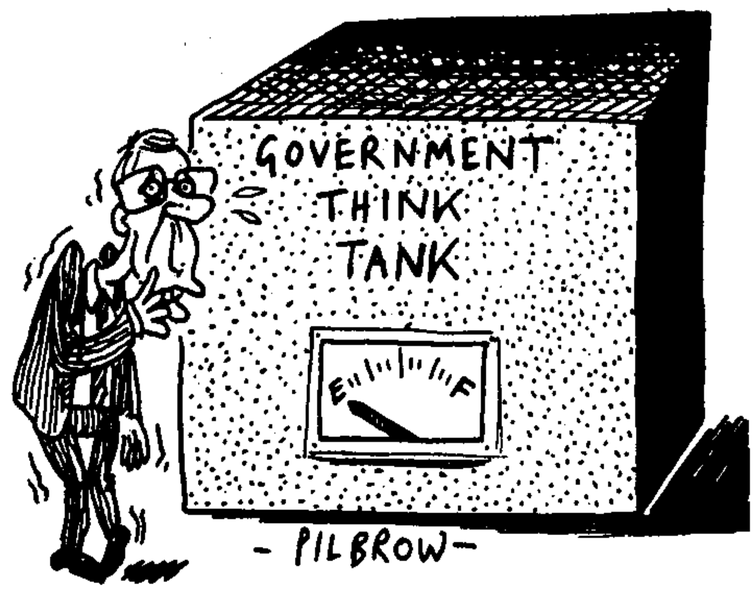
● AT LEAST one person has benefited from the trust status afforded to **Redditch's Alexandra hospital**; a financial consultant was paid £3,783.50 for three days' work advising managers of the pros and cons of opting out.

● THE **North Middlesex hospital** in **Tottenham** came out better than some in the recent speciality review of London's hospitals, with recommendations that it should double its annual cancer caseload. Quite who will look after these patients is unclear; the hospital is about to shed nine consultants (one radiologist, two anaesthetists, two physicians, two orthopods, a microbiologist and a chemical pathologist).

● GPs in **Lancashire** are to be personally rewarded for scrimping on their drugs bill. Dr D.K. Davies, medical adviser to the county's **Family Health Services Authority**, has offered GPs "incentive payouts" to those who "achieve savings greater than 1 percent below their indicative prescribing amount". Just who will benefit from the payouts, which are limited to "a maximum of £2,500 per GP principal", is unclear.

● **LIVERPOOL'S Broadgreen hospital** is closing two surgical wards, 30 and 27, and shedding 30 nurses to counter a £2 million debt; 50 ancillary jobs were lost last year and the casualty department is set to close. As chief executive Alun Jones put it: "We will not be reducing the service." Meanwhile, **Salford Health Authority** is planning to close two children's hospitals, **Booth Hall** and **Pendlebury**.

● STAFF NURSE Pat Clarke has been waiting five years to appeal against the D grade pay scale



awarded to her when she worked at **Newcastle Royal Infirmary**. Ms Clarke turned down a management offer to buy her out with a derisory £700 and was finally given a date for her hearing last month. Unfortunately, the hearing was cancelled the day before because Newcastle DHA's appeal sub-committee has lost her file.

● PATIENTS were recently turned away from **Glasgow Dental School and Hospital** because the casualty department ran out of drills. However, they were able to enjoy the plush recently upgraded fabrics and furnishings of the Sauchiehall Street premises.

● BEXLEY DHA has not refurbished **Erith health centre** since it was built 20 years ago. The carpets are worn out and dirty, rainwater floods in through huge cracks in the roof and consultations can easily be overheard in reception. The centre, which serves 18,000 patients, was handed over to **Bexley community health unit** in 1992. As business manager Alan Gardner put it: "The Erith health centre figures highly in our plans".

● WHILE LARGE wards close and cancer patients are forced to wait for treatment, **Mid-Staffordshire Health Authority** has found a new priority: sex change operations.

The authority has a £3.4 million deficit on its £100 million budget — for which it has already been lashed in an audit report by KPMG Peat Marwick. Fed up with slashing its own assets the authority has decided to have a go at other people's by becoming one of Britain's first authorities to give sex-change ops on the NHS — at £5,000 a time.

M.D.

ENERGY

JOHN GUMMER, the new environment secretary, has emerged as the unlikely superman in the latest twist in the story of Thorp, the £2.8 billion thermal oxide reprocessing plant at Sellafield.

It has been sitting idle for six months waiting to reprocess spent nuclear fuel rods and produce the plutonium and uranium none of its customers wants. But in a flash Gummer, the most pro-nuclear member of the cabinet, brought to a halt the combined efforts of John Major, Michael Howard, Kenneth Clarke and Michael Heseltine.

They had signed a government motion supporting "the commissioning of the plant at the earliest practicable date". But no, said Gummer, he was not satisfied and everything had to stop. That, at least, is the recorded tale of what happened after the Liberals tabled a motion saying the plant should not be commissioned.

The case for Thorp has been made by John Guinness, British Nuclear Fuel's chairman, who has been lobbying hard in Whitehall. He is a member of Brooks and the Beefsteak, and knows the corridors of whispers and nudges where permanent secretaries exchange thoughts. He was one of their number — at the department of energy — where he worked to counter any switch in support from nuclear to alternative sources of energy such as wind and water.

He has been saying that if Thorp is cancelled it will leave a huge bill for compensation to customers who are already signed up. The figure varies between £5 billion and £8 billion and has been treated with scorn even by the *Financial Times*. It is entirely fiction: there is no liability, as was shown at the Windscale inquiry in 1977, when Friends of the Earth persuaded the inspector, Mr Justice Parker, to let its barrister see the contracts and an agreed summary was read out by BNFL's counsel, Lord Silsoe.

As for Gummer, newly arrived in a civil service department which does not want THORP, he had no brief for saying it should go ahead and was made aware of legal action if there was not a full public inquiry first. So he had to raise an objection, just as he did at the Sizewell inquiry 10 years ago when he appeared as an objector. He asked for assurances about noise and dust and disturbance from contractors' lorries, was given bland assurances and declared himself satisfied and in favour of the PWR. He appears to be hoping to repeat the action and get away with a secret "consultation" instead of a full public inquiry.

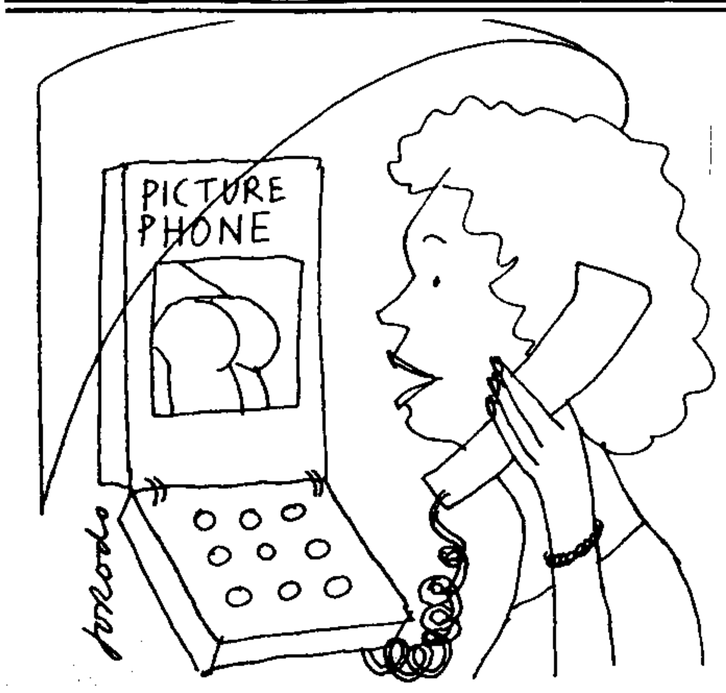
The problem is that all participants have been trapped. Thorp has been built at a cost of £2.8 billion, and the government is reluctant to say it has all been a mistake. But it will lose money if the plant functions, because the payments will never pay for the reprocessing — still less for its eventual de-commissioning.

BOW-TIE CORNER

A RECENT three-page full-colour advert for the sporty Mazda 323 began with the words "He who toils from break of day to fall of night...", illustrated with a picture of bees superimposed on a fully-laden honey comb.

The slogan was completed ("...should change jobs") over the page, where a black bear was greedily chomping down the honey beside his slick silver Mazda. While congratulating themselves on this masterpiece, the creative folks at the advertising agency failed to notice that the insects chosen to represent the hard-working bees were in fact wasps. Unlike bees, wasps do not make honey.

Still, the advertisers were in good company: *BBC Wildlife* magazine ran the ad for two months before discovering the mistake. This cock-up has nothing to do with the fact that the agency responsible, FCO, has since been sacked by Mazda.



"Does this mean goodbye, Derek?"

WATER NEWS

YORKSHIRE Water chairman Sir Gordon Jones could well find himself in court for causing water pollution — all because of his day job as chairman of chemical giant Hickson International.

Hickson's chemical division in Castleford has been accused of routinely breaking legal limits on discharges of toxic waste into the River Aire. Friends of the Earth has written to Sir Gordon (and the directors of 13 other companies) threatening to take action against them under a little known clause in the 1992 water resources act, which states that company directors can be held personally liable for pollution attributable to negligence.

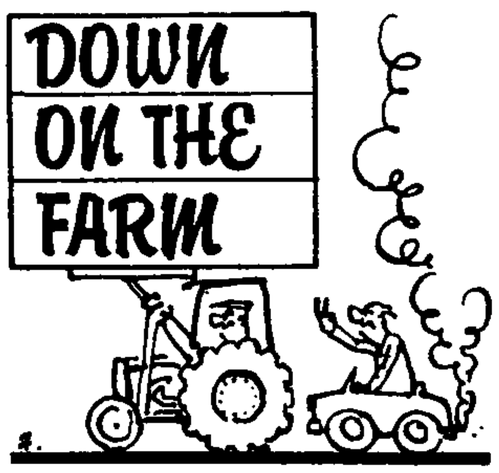
Directors can face an unlimited fine or imprisonment if it is proved in a crown court that the pollution was committed with their "consent or connivance". It would be a touching irony if the first director jailed for river pollution was the chairman of a privatised water company.

IF THE SCOTS want to know what will happen when their water industry is privatised as it was in England and Wales, they should ask the children of Tory MP Tony Baldry.

As junior environment minister in 1991 Baldry took his children paddling in the sea at Sandsend on the Yorkshire coast. It was a pathetic John Gummer-style PR bid (remember the burger eating stunt?) to quell pollution fears. But it now turns out there really *was* a health risk.

The guilty party — the privatised Yorkshire Water Company — has been fined £75,000 for pumping excrement, used toilet paper and sanitary towels into the popular beauty spot during a hot bank holiday Monday in August 1991. At Teesside crown court on 16 June, Yorkshire Water admitted two offences of causing raw sewage to be discharged from an overflow pipe into a beck which streamed on to the crowded beach.

Yorkshire Water will have no trouble paying the fine from its £138.6 million profits.



with 'New Muckspreader'

THE hundreds, if not thousands of sheep farmers who will be poisoned this summer by the use of organo-phosphate sheep dips may draw some comfort from the fact that mild symptoms of OP poisoning bear an uncanny similarity to myalgic encephalomyelitis (ME) or "yuppie flu". Usually, members of the rural community have nothing in common with the yuppie classes at all.

Of less comfort is the fact that sheep dip poisoning — which can be life threatening — will probably be misdiagnosed as often as the debilitating ME. But the really curious thing about the whole OP issue is the extraordinary confusion among the farming community, health and safety regulators and even the makers of these agents, as to the precise health risk of the chemicals.

However, one thing which unites sheep farmers, the chemical industry and most of the veterinary profession is the view that banning OPs would precipitate a major animal health crisis: sheep would suffer the predations of scab and blowflies as none of the current licensed alternatives are as effective or as cheap. Less dangerous alternatives of similar efficacy are some years away.

What is most alarming is that this situation has arisen only since the chemical industry was "persuaded" by MAFF to surrender licences for the highly effective BHC Lindane, in response to concerns that exports of lambs to France might be banned, even though the product is still used in France. And while Lindane itself has come under a cloud — although its hazards have never been substantiated in court — a product which is commonly used as a hair shampoo can hardly present the same hazards as an agent derived from nerve gas.

GILLIAN SHEPHERD'S £1 million grant to encourage farmers to convert to the organic system is a "pittance", according to the Soil Association, which has criticised the gallant MAFF for "green tokenism".

However, eager applicants for a conversion grant should be warned that taking the silver 5p — it is unlikely to be more — gives MAFF inspectors a licence to inspect land under conversion for a period of five years. Given the reign of terror MAFF officials have created in the poultry and meat industries, and the complexity of the special beef premium scheme and the integrated administration and control system (IACS), putative organic farmers might be better advised to pay MAFF £1 million to keep their officials off the farms so they can get on with earning money.

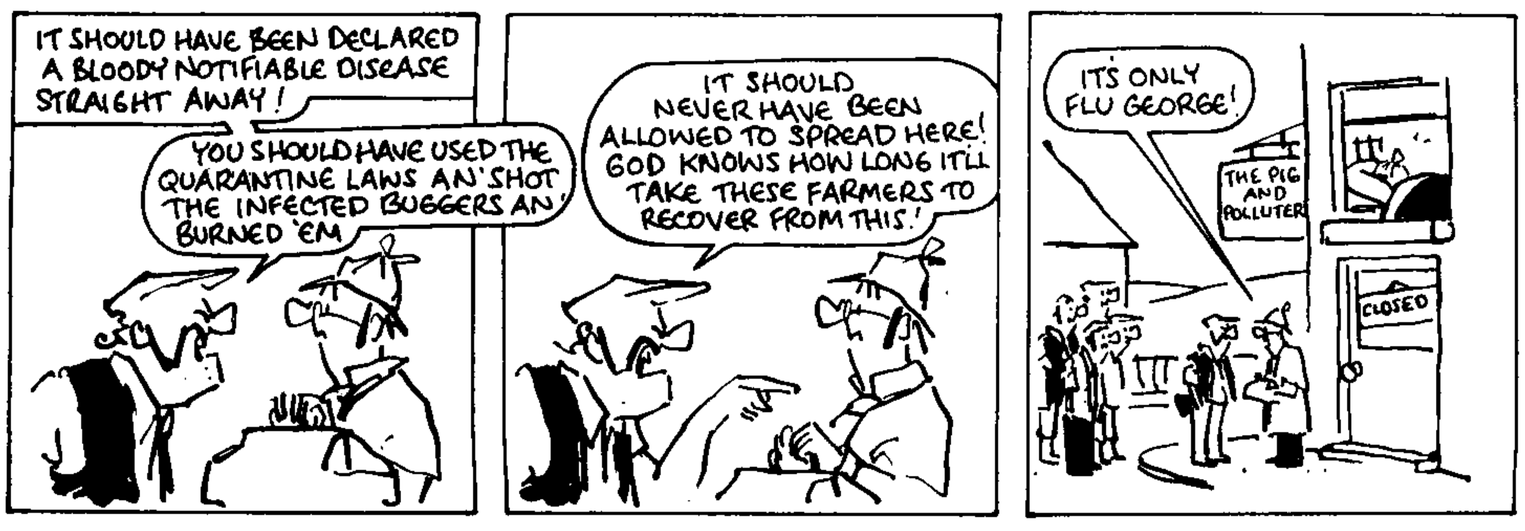
EQUINE viral arteritis (EVA) is a viral disease which is terrifying the horse world. Causing fever, and damage to small blood vessels, it can lead to depression in horses and chronic loss of weight and condition. It is also one of the major causes of virus abortion in mares, worldwide. There is no known cure and, in recent months, a number of valuable British studs have been affected, rendering them useless for breeding and causing their owners tens of thousands of pounds loss as stud farms and stables have had to close down.

The present cluster of cases in the UK is believed to be the result of a stallion imported from Poland, which had not been checked or quarantined on arrival in this country despite evidence that Polish certification was faulty. Last year the ministry of agriculture was told of two horses arriving from Poland with paperwork certifying freedom from infection, when tests showed the opposite.

Despite the potential for disaster to a billion-pound industry, the sole response of MAFF's chief veterinary officer, Mr Meldrum, and his state veterinary service, has been to grant a special licence for a vaccine, while at the same time removing quarantine and testing restrictions on Russian horses, which are also known to form a significant reservoir of infection. Furthermore, so committed is Mr Meldrum to the single market that he refuses to entertain controls on EC imports and appears prepared to allow a terrible epidemic of this disease to sweep the country.

Old Macdonald

ALBERT


IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN DECLARED A BLOODY NOTIFIABLE DISEASE STRAIGHT AWAY!
YOU SHOULD HAVE USED THE QUARANTINE LAWS AN' SHOT THE INFECTED BUGGERS AN' BURNED 'EM
IT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO SPREAD HERE! GOD KNOWS HOW LONG IT'LL TAKE THESE FARMERS TO RECOVER FROM THIS!
IT'S ONLY FLU GEORGE!
THE PIG AND POLLUTER
CLOSED

Letters

Pol Pot bound

Sir,

William Shawcross protests too much about his curious friends. Your item (7 May) about one Julio Jeldres was correct, and can be expanded. Perhaps it is not surprising that Shawcross issues denials on Jeldres' behalf, since the former's recent BBC documentary on Cambodia hinged to a large degree on Jeldres' credibility. Jeldres was a central witness in the Shawcross film, and his "Khmer Institute for Democracy" supplied students saying to Shawcross that they wanted Pol Pot to return.

Shawcross says Jeldres "has no connections to the Pinochet regime". Jeldres himself wrote in March 1978 that in the previous nine months he had made three trips from Melbourne (where he lived) to Sydney at the invitation of the Pinochet regime's consulate, and that he was given "rather heavy" programs on each occasion.

Shawcross says Jeldres is "not a director of the newspaper Khmer Conscience". In fact, copies of that publication which were circulating freely in Phnom Penh late last year listed Jeldres as a deputy director, a position also acknowledged by Prince Sihanouk in a letter dated 12 August 1992.

Jeldres was one of Sihanouk's most aggressive propagandists; his baseless attacks on those who did not conform to his extreme right-wing views are well documented. See, for example, "More Concoctions From Julio Jeldres" by Professor Ben Kiernan, the authority on Cambodia at Yale University, in which Jeldres's distortions are clearly demonstrated.

Shawcross's description of Jeldres's "fledgling institute" as "a forum for Cambodian students and others to express themselves freely" is ludicrous. The "institute" is where correspondents go, as Shawcross did, to find Khmer Rouge sympathisers. Shawcross failed to tell your readers that Jeldres boasted in writing in July 1976 of being a member of the Kampuchean National United Front (FUNK) which united the Khmer Rouge with some royalists. By April 1975, when Pol Pot took power, FUNK was purely a Khmer Rouge front. Fifteen months later, with the genocide well under way, Jeldres was still proud to be a member.

If this qualifies Jeldres to instruct Cambodians or anyone else about democracy, I'm Pol Pot's uncle. Shawcross must be counting on gullible viewers and readers.

Yours sincerely
ALLEN MYERS

Editor, Green Left Weekly, Sydney, Australia.

Lookalike

Garth **Liebowitz**

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the most excellent likeness between Garth, of WAYNE'S WORLD *— bizarre sycophant of pop culture idols — and* VANITY FAIR *photographer Annie Liebowitz — (same). Surely they are one and the same person?*

Yours faithfully,
H. CRUMP,

Harpenden, Herts.

Brief encounter

Sir,

Apart from spelling my name wrongly, which some people may find understandable, there are several errors in your account (Colour Section, EYE *823, 2 July 1993) of my briefing to journalists covering Lord Justice Scott's inquiry hearing on 11 June.*

In particular, it was not "off the record" and it was not an "angry reply" to anything. The journalists present at the hearing that day made it clear that they would welcome an on-the-record briefing about the progress and future direction of the inquiry and that is what I gave them.

Yours faithfully,
C.P.J. MUTTUKUMARU,

Secretary to the inquiry into Exports of Defence Equipment and Dual Goods to Iraq,
London SW1.

Emotional with the truth

Sir,

I know the propagation of tacky untruths and grubby innuendo is anathema to you, so I'm sure you'll be grateful to have your attention drawn to the fact that some scumbag is peddling misinformation your way.

Concern for your reputation has prompted this letter for I fear that by defaming me, this particular Machiavellian low-life is tarnishing your spotless record for being in the vanguard of the defence of truth.

Let me correct some of the inaccuracies you have unwittingly published recently.

1) In four and a half years at Sky Television I never punched anyone, nor was my knee ever aimed at anyone's testicles. Anyone saying otherwise is a liar or a dupe.

2) I have never "burst" or "stormed" into any studio or "abused" or "attacked" anyone on air. The claims are ludicrous.

3) I have never been 6ft 3in or 20 stones.

4) I have never given an interview to Ireland's SUNDAY WORLD. *I'm sure you share my contempt for reptiles who won't let facts get in the way of a sleazy yarn.*

5) My wife's physique was one of the lesser reasons I "fell" for her. Integrity and dignity are among the more important.

6) Producing as well as presenting SKY NEWS *meant that in between bulletins I had little time for even the simplest body functions. To suggest there was enough for "discussing Ugandan affairs" is laughable.*

7) Your informant has a fixation about penis size — mine! This reveals more about him, surely.

Yours etc.,
SCOTT CHISHOLM,

Simpson Fox Associations, London W1.

Moot points

Sir,

Perhaps the humiliated civil service didn't get it all wrong. The 13½ mile narrow-gauge Ffestiniog Railway runs more trains, carries more people and employs more staff than the BR branch line between Blaenau Ffestiniog and Llandudno Junction. The BR line loses money hand-over-fist; the Ffestiniog makes money!

The two railways are linked for interchange of passengers in a shared station at Blaenau Ffestiniog and this represented up to 25 percent of the Ffestiniog Railway's traffic. Alas it has dropped like a stone over the last few years, as BR has had more exciting things to promote. So it is hardly surprising that the narrow gauge is taking an interest in its big-brother neighbour. Thus when privatisation was mooted the Ffestiniog legged it down to the Department of Transport with the proposition that it takes over the branch and runs the standard gauge diesel service in connection with its own narrow-gauge steam service at Blaenau.

Now if you don't like BR Privatisation, you could hardly complain about a competent organisation offering time and money to save a branch line that is going to fold unless someone does something about it. If you do favour BR privatisation, hiving-off unprofitable branch lines to local folk who have the gumption to run them properly may just be as good an idea as sliced bread.

Yours frustratedly,
GORDON RUSHTON

General Manager
Festiniog Railway.

Sheik up needed

Sir,

*U. Barry of Dubai (*EYE *821) states that the Euro understanding of Muslims and Islam has changed little since the crusades. Shome mishtake shurely? Any visitor (intruder) to Saudi will see that little has changed since the crusades as far as the Muslims' and Islam's understanding of the Euros.*

Or have the Saudis improved their views regarding censorship, female circumcision, alcohol, respect of road traffic regulations, slavery, pork, restriction of movement within the kingdom for infidels (and Saudi women), female emancipation etc... (drones on for hours).

I think we should be told (but are unlikely to be).

Yours, Inshallah,
IVOR STILL,

Somewhere in Sow-dee.

Pooling resources

Sir,

As a long-time reader, and as a manager at Bristol Royal Infirmary, it is with regret that I shall be seeking substantial damages from your esteemed organ through Messrs Sue, Grabbit and Runne for falsely raising my hopes and expectations.

My deep loathing of water of any sort (I am a founder member of the Lunchtime O'Booze fan club) makes me gravely suspicious of those of my colleagues who choose to frolic in it during their off-duty hours. Imagine my delight, therefore, to learn from Doing the Rounds (4 June) that this abhorrent staff facility was to be filled in to create somewhere for me and my fellow managers to park our BMWs when we pop in.

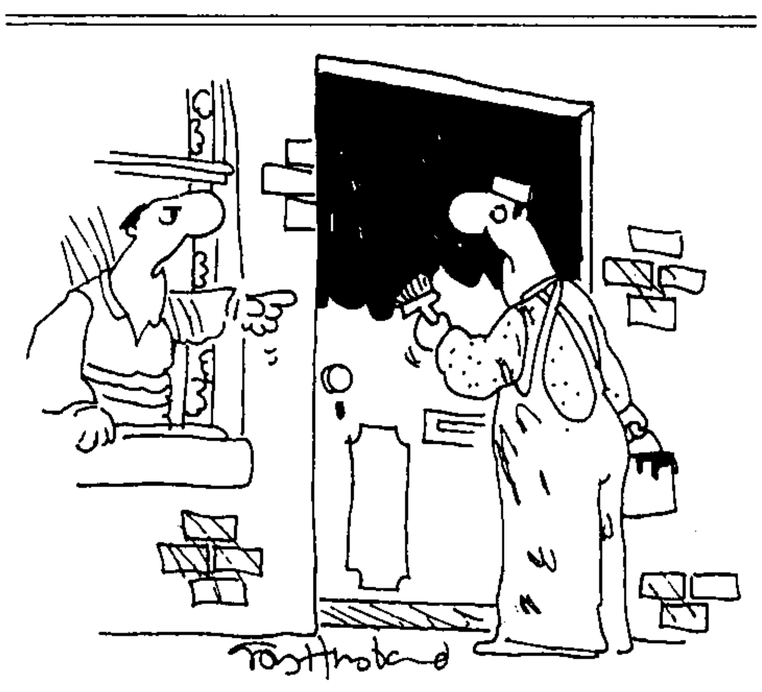
Life has certainly been difficult recently since the BRI chucked us all out of our coveted spaces to create an area for those tiresome patients and visitors to park in, and it must be equally difficult for half the working population of Central Bristol who, before, used to share our free parking with us by pretending to be patients or visitors.

I was therefore mortified to find that the builders presently pottering around the swimming pool are, in fact, there to tart it up, not fill it in! Furthermore, my attempts to persuade the bosses that this was an inappropriate use of healthcare money resulted in the news that it was being paid for out of bequests made for the improvement of staff benefits!

Like all your readers, I have always believed every word published in the EYE, *and it came as a severe blow to faith in your veracity; perhaps it is time to replace your Bristol Royal Infirmary mole. I would gladly volunteer, but after this disappointment, I don't really have the heart. In any case, I suppose good news is no news?*

Yours (but only if you print this to get my name in the organ)
ALAN CARTER,

Bristol.



"Go away and never darken my door again!"

LUVVIES

"Let's have no 'acting'," said Janet Suzman. " 'Acting' is a terrible thing. All Shakespeare wants you to do is to cast a beam of mental concentration upon his words — accurately. Don't 'act', let them speak through you. Once they've got the attention and the rhythm, you can surf on his words, they'll take you."

JANET SUZMAN MASTERCLASS
Liverpool University Newsletter

Pack of lies

Sir,

Your latest edition comments on similarities between two television investigations of the tobacco industry — a 1988 World in Action called The Secret of the Safer Cigarette and a recent Panorama called Pack of Lies.

I originated and researched the World in Action. I originated and executive produced the Panorama. I am proud of both. The second programme did contain some material which was in the first but it also contained much that was brand new and very significant: key interviews never before given; highly confidential documents never before made public — including some I had been trying to get my hands on since 1988. The value of the new information contained in the Panorama can be judged by the current attempts of industry lawyers to recover certain documents.

Is it really unusual for programmes (and articles) to include some points previously seen elsewhere? Surely the important question is whether a work of journalism contains new revelations which take the story on. This the Panorama clearly did in abundance.

Yours sincerely,
PHIL CRAIG,

Executive Producer, Pack of Lies

Lookalike

McKay **Queen Mother**

Sir,

Who was the person who recently had an operation for a throat blockage, Peter McKay of the SUNDAY TIMES *or the Queen Mum?*

I think we should be told.

DAVID WRIGHT,

Derby.

Mon carbuncle

Sir,

Another grotesque observation by Piloti on the subject of modern architecture, and Norman Foster in particular.

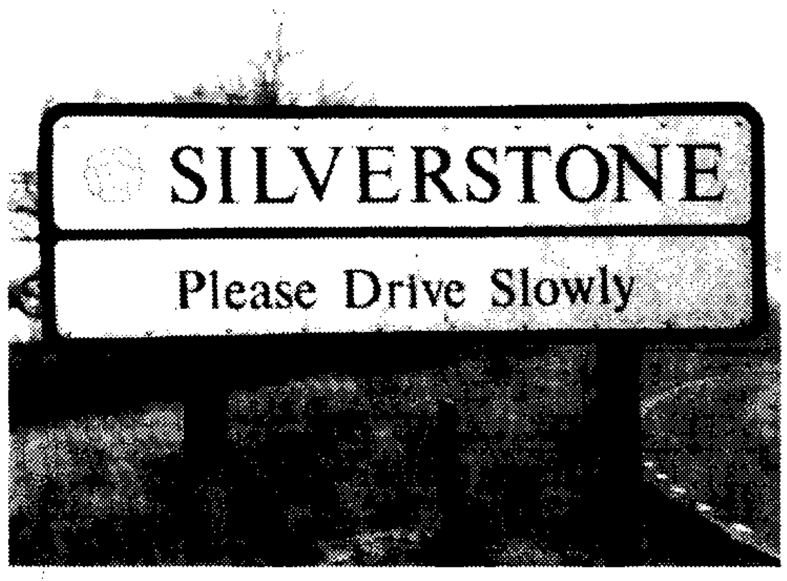
We visited Foster's Maison Carrée art centre in Nimes a few days after it was opened. It is a fine building, beautifully detailed and provides a remarkably successful example of the juxtaposition of truly modern architecture with an important classical one. Indeed the whole space containing these two buildings is gloriously exciting.

As for Piloti's criticism of the mayor of Nimes, we in England can only be envious of the imagination and energy — and money — of a city council that is prepared to do so much with such panache. Oh that we had a few local authorities with his "vapid fashion-conscious" outlook.

Yours sincerely,
DONALD & EDNA BARRON,

London N6.

I-SPY *Northants*



Submitted by Max Atkinson. £10 paid for similar submissions *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Slanging match

Sir,

One of the good things about the EYE *is that you always make it quite clear when you are having a go at someone.*

In last issue's "New age traveller rhyming slang" the target is convoy travellers, but the attack fades in at the beginning and out at the end, so one is partially left with the impression that you are really criticising the people who are against the travellers.

This cowardly veiled (or thinly veiled) kind of attack, so common elsewhere, is not your style. Please have the guts to print this.

Lots of love,
JO KERR,

London E8.

The horse with no Names

Sir,

Immediately on seeing the headline in "Footnotes" issue number 823 I closed my account at Lloyds bank and transferred my assets to a safer haven in North Cyprus!

What a wanker! Doesn't PF know that the logo for Lloyd's of London (the famous "insurance" market) is a fouled anchor! The backward looking prancing horse is the well-known Lloyd's bank logo.

If this is the standard of investigative journalism (cheque your facts) then send Mr Foot to find the brothels in Bangkok and see what excuses he makes before he leaves!

I am not cancelling my subscription as I have not laughed so much in years!

F.H. JONES,

Berario, South Africa.

● ***Yes alright. Production rather than journalists cock-up but still egg on face all round.***

Life on the Slough line

Sir,

Thomas the Privatised Tank Engine need hardly go back to the 19th century to find examples of "biased" signalmen giving preference to one operator's trains over others. Among the many indignities Network South East commuters have had to suffer since last year, when work began on the approach to Paddington station, is the sight of IC125s apparently gaining prompt access to the platforms, while NSE trains sit powered down for long periods waiting for a spare slot.

On one recent sweltering journey from Paddington on NSE, the train started (punctually) off down the platform but stopped after 20 yards. It remained like that for nearly ten minutes, at the end of which time a 125 crossed its tracks and pulled in to the next platform. Only then did the Network train get the signal to depart.

As a result of this practice, the punctuality and reliability of the NSE trains, in spite of increased numbers of spanking new Thames Turbo stock, can only be described as diabolical. But complaints about NSE cannot be made at Paddington because it is an InterCity station.

How I am looking forward to the common sense, simplicity and value-for-money which will be the certain result of introducing market forces and competition into the railway system.

Yours,
JERRY BAKEWELL,

Slough, Berks.

Non compost mentis

Sir,

About your spoof advertisement for my new magazine GARDENS ILLUSTRATED *(*EYE *passim) and the pithy reply from House of Wiz (*EYE *more recently passim): Fuck off the lot of you.*

Yours faithfully,
JOHN BROWN,

London SW6.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"The condition of the country wasn't handed down in tablets of stone from Mount Olympus."

MARGARET BECKETT, Radio 4
(V. Morton)

Presenter: "And who are you going to speak to when you finally learn Bulgarian?"
Contestant: "Bulgarians!"

CHANNEL 4 QUIZ SHOW
(Mark Coulthard)

"So, it's five 1,000 metre laps, plus a bit to make up the 5,000 metres."

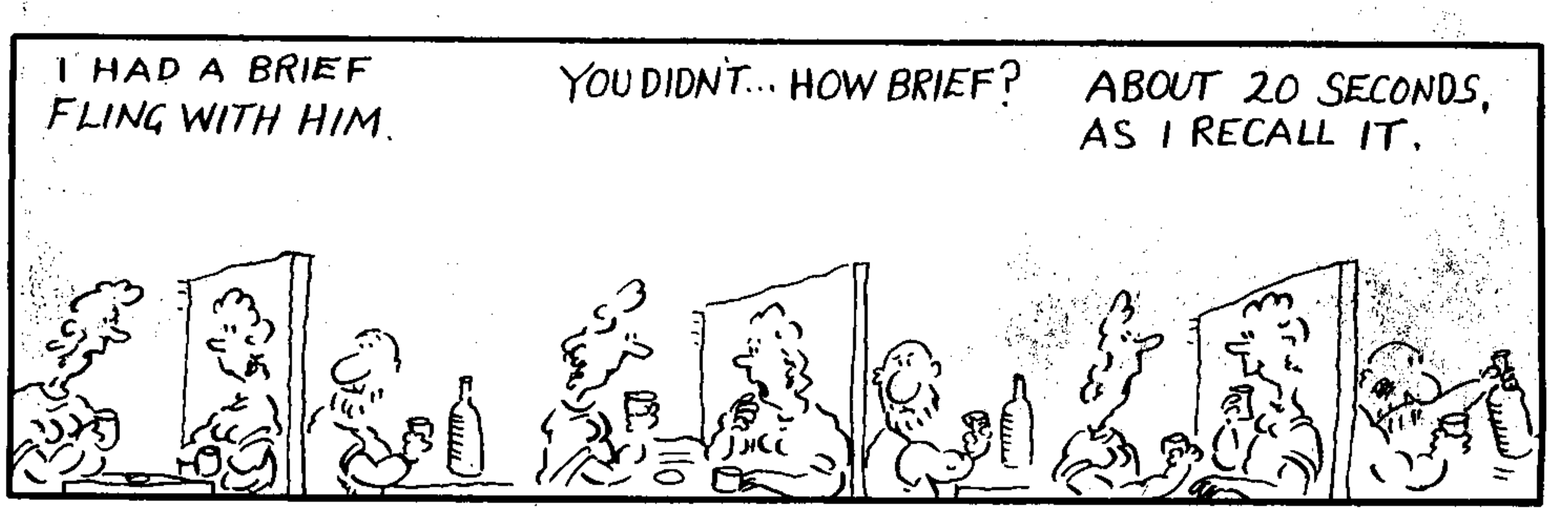
R. COLEMAN, BBC
(S.W. Hannan Pike)

"Carl Lewis, what a good runner... All his arms and elbows and knees running in the same direction."

COMMENTATOR, Radio 4
(Michael J. May)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from Rangoon

from Our Own Correspondent

"IT WAS time now to be making ready for the next world — in short, to begin building pagodas," wrote George Orwell in *Burmese Days*. And so our leader, General Ne Win, has been doing just that.

The 82-year-old xenophobe who divides his time between clinics in Switzerland, psychiatrists in Vienna and astrologers and numerologists in Rangoon, hasn't been seen in public for years, but he has appropriated sufficient funds (more than 350 million Burmese kyat) to build the gleaming Mahawizayazedi Pagoda beside our most famous landmark, the Shwedagon Pagoda.

Mahawizayazedi translates as "Great Conqueror", but we call this golden monstrosity the "Socialist Pagoda". It was Ne Win who, after his military coup of 1962, established the disastrous "Burmese Way to Socialism". While the pagoda glistens in the heat, the people in what is now the fifth poorest nation on earth, starve.

Ne Win's sole aim in building the pagoda was to appease the spirits ("nats") and earn enough brownie points to attain Nirvana, the goal of all good Buddhists. How the nats will assess his record is open to debate: he has made what was once the richest country in Asia bankrupt; has amassed a vast personal fortune, eradicated all opposition, created countless refugees and established a military intelligence (MI) well up to Ceaucescu or Honecker standards.

With an entourage of kowtowing lackeys — the loyalest of whom is the universally loathed Khin Nyunt, head of MI — Ne Win hides away in his luxurious villa by Inya Lake in Rangoon, on the other side of which is the home of Nobel Laureate Daw Aung San Suu Kyi. Both are guarded like fortresses — but for very different reasons.

Ne Win started life as a humble postal clerk called Shu Maung and is Chinese — not Burmese. As many a good dictator he changed his name and became General Ne Win, which means "brilliant like the sun". Unlike other mass-murderers of his time, Ne Win has based his decisions on astrology and numerology. When his astrologer said "the left side would be unlucky" he ordered the traffic to drive on the right. When his numerologist told him nine was his lucky number, he introduced kyat notes in the denomination of 45 and 90 (both numbers being divisible by nine. There are no 50 or 100 kyat notes).

Soon after slaughtering 15,000 students in 1988, Ne Win inaugurated the state law and order restoration council, known as SLORC. He appointed General Saw Maung its leader, but in 1992 had to get rid of him because Saw Maung, believing himself to be Jesus Christ and Buddha reincarnated, would go on TV nightly to spout nonsense. Even the west grew concerned about his novel grasp of human rights — ie no grasp at all — and on 23 April 1992, Saw Maung was carted off to a lunatic asylum and replaced by General Than Shwe. His first job was to change the telephone numbers in Rangoon to stop his predecessor ringing everybody up from the madhouse to ask for his job back.

Saw Maung's master-stroke was to remove Burma from the face of the earth by renaming it Myanmar, the capital city Rangoon as Yangon, and the popular British colonial hill-station of Maymyo as the unpronounceable Pyin Oo Lwin. So now if you tell your travel agent you want to go to Yangon in Myanmar, they can't find it and you can't go. Thus there are barely any foreigners here, and Saw Maung, safe in his private room in Rangoon's hospital for deposed military dictators, is happy.

Ne Win's latest henchman is ghastly Khin Nyunt, aka the Prince of Darkness or the Prince of Evil. He shows no inclination to release the Nobel Laureate Daw Aung San Suu Kyi, who has been under house arrest since July 1989. Aung San Suu Kyi, whose late father Aung San was Burma's independence hero, has never been charged or tried. She simply upset the "Old Man" by daring to say what every other Burmese citizen had been wanting to say for years — it was time for Ne Win to go.

Kyaw Win, deputy director of MI, has said: "We cannot release her... because we are afraid that some unscrupulous elements might manipulate her and destabilise the situation." For "situation" read state of fear, created by Ne Win; corruption running riot; a thriving black market; and Burma's infamous Golden Triangle still producing 60 percent of the world's opium.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

O "All ye here listen, I am the rightful King of Zwak, and it is about time the government gave me a car," Patrick Cuntu told a bemused Supreme Court in Port Elizabeth.

Cuntu, who asked to be known by his full title of Jesus II Messiah Hephzi Bah Cuntu, was attempting to sue the South African government for R23m, following their refusal to recognise his divine right to rule over part of the Eastern Cape, which he has renamed Zwak. "What problem can there be? It is all written down in black and white in the Zwak constitution. I am the direct descendant of God and the government must pay me R1,500 a month. What's more, I am also entitled to a house and a car."

The claim was rejected by the court, on the grounds that the kingdom of Zwak did not actually exist. At this point, Mr Cuntu announced that the Clerk of the Court, Mr Cotto, was in fact the queen of Zwak. As he was being forcibly ejected from the building, he proclaimed that he would now refer the entire matter to the International Court. *(Eastern Province Herald, 8 May 1993. Spotter – R. Jordaan)*

—O—

PHILIP THUMPSON

O "My tour of Guyana was proceeding without a hitch until we reached Lethem," said Philip Barton, a British volunteer dentist working in South America.

"I got out of the truck to relieve myself by the roadside, and was promptly stung on the end of my winkle by a large jungle wasp. I jumped onto the back of the truck and curled up in such immense pain that I failed to spot the razor grass overhanging the road. Before I knew it the grass had cut through my skin like a knife through butter, leaving me raw and bleeding. By now, pretty annoyed, I leant back against the fuel tank and straight onto a scorpion, which stung me twice in the back. Seeking revenge, I grabbed at the insect, and got stung again on the fingers. I learnt a lot about pain in those few hours. Still, I thoroughly enjoyed the trip." *Dental Practice, 3 June 1993. Spotter ... John Bowman)*

—O—

O *"Ever since I had the argument with that witch doctor, I have been nothing less than a human pin cushion" a crestfallen Elias Mohalanyane told reporters.*

"Every day I find needles, safety pins and razor blades working their way out of my body, leaving gaping wounds in my flesh. It makes it near impossible to find a steady job. Employers don't like it. They take one look at the sores on my arms and legs and jump to all sorts of vile conclusions.

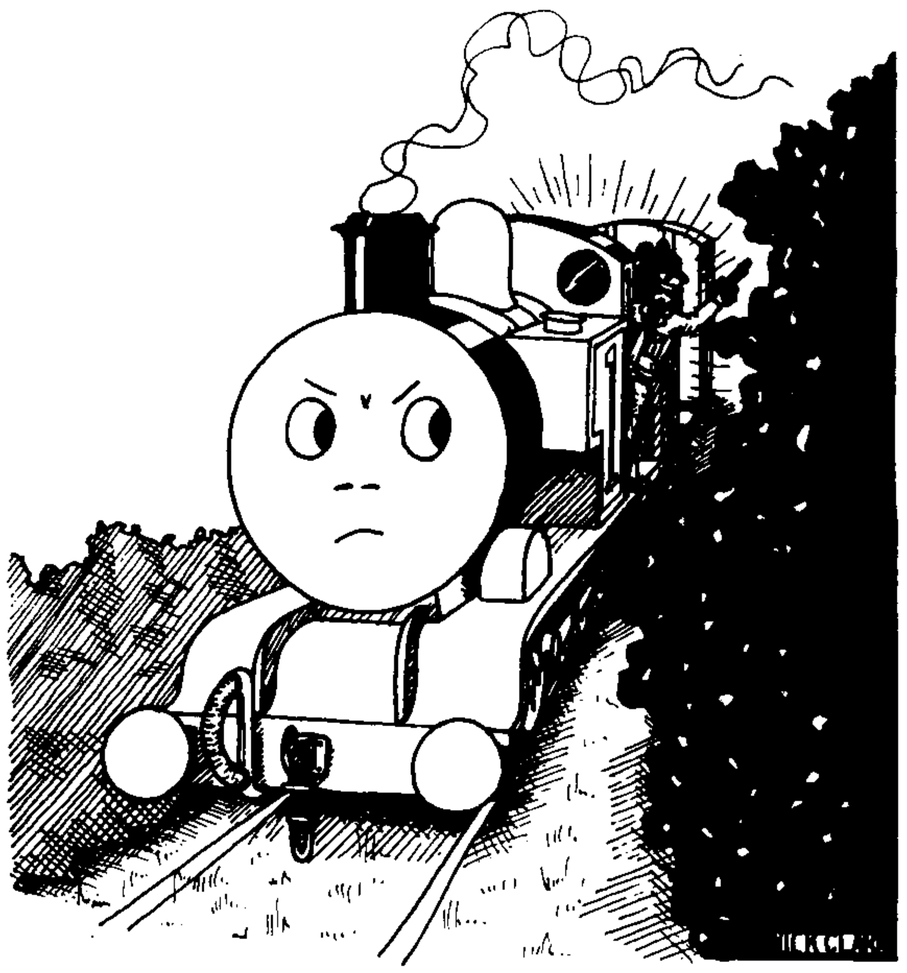
"But there is a brighter side. Every so often, when I go to the toilet, a shower of bronze one cent coins shoots out of my anus like a flock of swallows. Being unemployed, I welcome the coins, because at least I can buy bread with them. For the strong of stomach I will demonstrate this skill now." The press conference was suddenly terminated. (South African Weekly Mail, 5 May 1993. Spotter – Elphin Lloyd)

Compiled by
Victor Lewis-Smith

THOMAS

THE PRIVATISED TANK ENGINE

Thomas goes nuclear



"YOU'RE a very naughty engine," said the Fat Controller. Thomas had formed a pact with Gordon the Virgin Engine, and they had agreed to accept through tickets from each other's lines so passengers would not have to book twice.

"Your agreement with Gordon was anti-competitive," he continued. "From now on, you shall only pull trucks."

"No I won't, sir."

"What did you say?"

"There aren't any trucks left. Everything goes by road now."

"Yes, well, I shall think of something."

THAT night, Thomas was sent to a huge concrete factory surrounded by hundreds of security guards. A man in dark glasses, who identified himself only as Controller X, whispered instructions to Thomas.

"Is that all?" asked Thomas. "Just one nuclear flask?"

"It's not 'just' anything. Thousands of lives depend on you delivering it safely."

Thomas was nervous when he set off, but he soon began to enjoy his journey. Every signal was green before he approached. He flashed past trains which had been shunted into sidings just so he could pass without delay. Gordon was furious when he saw that Thomas was the reason for the delay to his morning express. Thomas glowed with excitement. "I'm tingling all over!" he cried. "I'd give anything to couple up to Selina the Sprinter Unit just now."

Suddenly the fun came to an end. Thomas was switched on to a rusty, weed-grown railway which twisted its way through the countryside.

"Hurry up!" yelled the armed security guard in Thomas's cab.

"I'll be the judge of my maximum speed, thank you," replied Thomas, picking his way along tracks which no longer receive any maintenance.

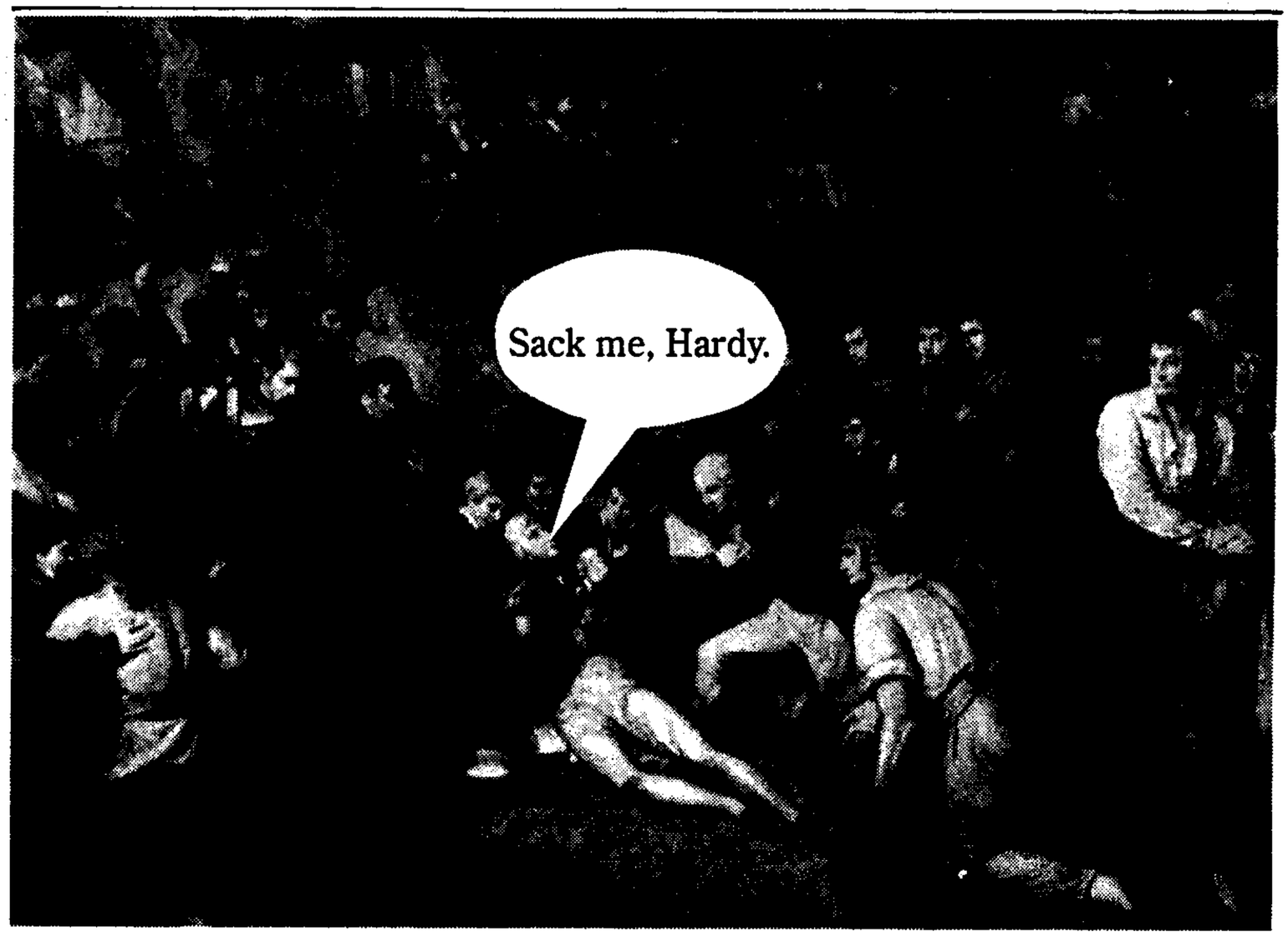
A special crane was waiting to lift the flask when Thomas arrived at the other secret factory.

"Where the hell have you been? You nearly sparked a nationwide security alert," said a man in dark glasses, known only as Controller Y.

"I had to check my speed on that branch line for safety reasons. Thousands of lives depend ..."

"Good heavens!" said Controller Y. "Safety reasons!" He paused for thought, then spoke into his walkie-talkie. "The railway's too unsafe for Thomas to take another flask back with him. Get me Jacko the Juggernaut. We'll send it by road instead."

Thomas was green, with envy presumably.



BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, 1993

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

The stories about my Press Officer Mr O'Donnell wanting to resign are quite untrue. I told him this when he came to see me this morning.

"Your job is to put good news about me into the papers", I said. "It wouldn't be good news if my own Press Officer wanted to leave me."

"Oh, I don't know", he replied, but I was having none of it. "You leave the thinking to me", I said decisively, "and tell the newspapers I have chosen a date for the Christchurch by-election." "When is that?" he asked. "I will just ask Sir Norma Fowler", I replied sternly.

Tuesday

I asked Sir Norma Fowler which day we would be most likely to win on, and he said, "How about February 30th?" How stupid he is sometimes. No wonder people keep on escaping from his vans! But to show how decisive I am, I have decided to choose the date myself. I opened my European Commission 1993 Executive Diary and saw that 29 July is Dairy Industry Day in Luxembourg. I thought this would be a considerably good omen and told Sir Norma to make all the necessary arrangements.

"We don't want this to be another Newbury," I told him in my sternest voice.

"I shouldn't worry about that, prime minister," he replied, "we won't do nearly that well."

Wednesday

I was very surprised this morning when the door opened and in burst Mr Heseltine pushing himself in a wheelchair. He looked very brown and fit and was wearing a T-shirt saying "I ♥ HEZZA".

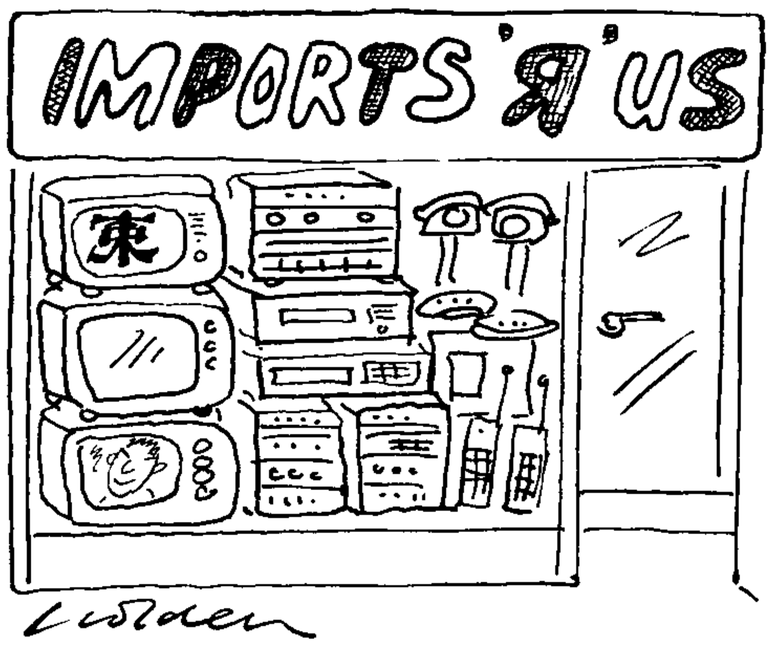
"I thought you were on a drip," I said.

"Oh no, John," he replied, "I haven't seen you for weeks."

The effect of his medication obviously hasn't worn off yet! He very kindly brought me some grapes and one of those funny cards you give to people in hospital. On the outside it showed a dinosaur in a kilt, saying "I Hope You Get Better", and inside it said "You Couldn't Get Much Worse".

Mr Heseltine told me he had come in specially to see me, to reassure me that he was far from finished politically, and that he wanted people to know that he was still around for the day when the country needed him.

"That is very loyal of you, Michael," I said.



Thursday

Today I am in Japan for another very important meeting with Mr Gatt, the American trade minister, whom I have yet to meet. But it was very good to see so many of my old friends again, like Mr Kohl and Mr Hurd. Also Mr Clinton was there, accompanying his wife, who told me how grateful she had been for my supporting her decision to bomb Iraq.

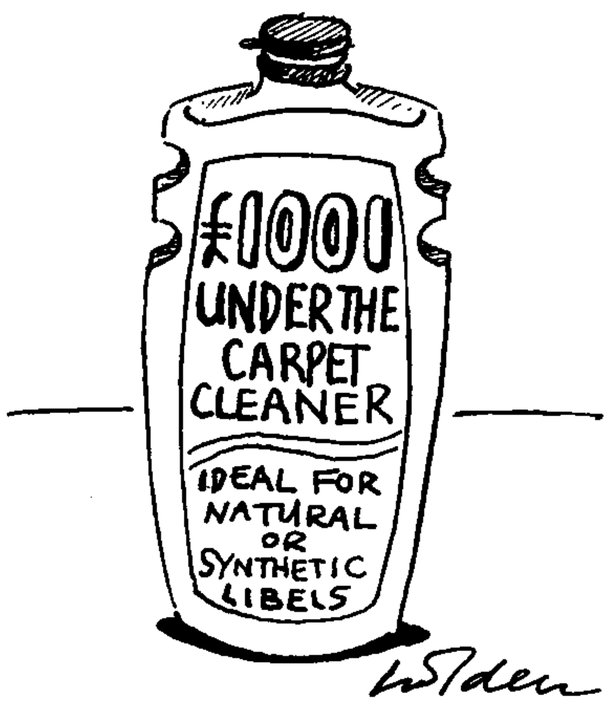
On a personal note I was in no small measure gratified to note that of all the world leaders present I was the least most unpopular, with my latest poll rating of 14 percent. This is a good deal better than, say, Mr Clinton, who only has 3 percent, and the Japanese gentleman, who Mr Clarke told me is called Mr Han Din Til, whose rating is minus-30. I bet he's glad he's not having a by-election on July 29!

After several minutes of tough talking, we all agreed that we would tell the press we had pulled off an astonishing economic agreement, whereby everyone in the world was going to be £100 a week better off, there could be no more unemployment and we would all soon be much more popular with our voters.

Mr Clarke rather spoiled things by asking in a loud whisper what the agreement was about, but Mrs Clinton told him to put a sock in it.

Friday

Today we had a private meeting with the Japanese trade minister and we signed another very important and historic trade deal, whereby the Japanese agreed to sell us £800 billion worth of cars, videos and computer games, and in return they would buy a case of Scotch whisky and a selection of high-class teas in different coloured tins from Fortnum and Masons. We called a press conference for the 11,000 journalists to announce this, but all they wanted to ask me about was the affair I didn't have with the cook. This was not inconsiderably irritating, despite the fact that here again I have won another historic victory, this time over the press — i.e. the New Statesman — which has agreed to pay me £1,000 for daring to suggest that I



was not guilty of having an affair with our caterer. When I got back to our hotel I found a fax message from Sir Norma Fowler, offering to pick up my money in one of his Group 4 vans.

Saturday

On the plane home I read the new novel by my friend Jeffrey Archer. As the cover says, it is "a gripping tale of power and passion in high places". How suitable therefore that I should be reading it in an aeroplane! The story is certainly gripping. It is about a prime minister called James Colonel who finds himself the victim of a plot, when he is accused of having an affair with a beautiful caterer by a left-wing magazine. I'm afraid I found it entirely unconvincing. The Colonel character is so boring that he would never do anything as interesting as that.

Monday

Sir Norma Fowler has shown me a new poll which puts our Party in third place behind Labour and the Social Democrats. Sir Norma said this was good news as, from now on, things could only get better.

"All the Party's big guns will turn out to help win the seat", he said. "Except Mr Heseltine and most of the others who will be on holiday."

"What about Mr Hurd?", I asked him, since Mr Hurd is well known as a vote-getter. "No", said Sir Norma. "I asked him if he would go to Christchurch and he said 'No, Baliol is a much better college'." Sometimes I am not sure what Hurd means.

I told Mr Fowler not to worry about Christchurch because after my triumph with Mr Gatt I would be terrifically popular with the voters. "I have secured Jobs for the Future", I told him. "But not for everyone", he said giving me a funny look. He then had to go to see the Police because one of his vans had been stolen.

100 Years Hence

MYSTERY OF ROYAL FAMILY SOLVED — BONES CONFIRM MURDER

by our Man in the Future **Prof. Etick-News**

THE RIDDLE of the British Royal Family long believed to have been assassinated by the ruthless turn of the century tyrant Rupertin Murdoch was finally solved this week when DNA tests confirmed that an elderly couple living in a bungalow in Leigh-on-Sea were in fact the Duke of Edinburgh and her Majesty The Queen.

According to scientists, the biological matter taken from the Duke's bones proved to within a 98% probability that the man found in a shallow armchair in the seaside town is none other than Prince Philip.

Daily Tsar

Historian Norman Stoned writes:

Mystery surrounded the death of the British Windsor family for decades, but now at last the truth has emerged. The Royals — increasingly remote and unpopular — were being badly advised by the likes of Jimmy Savolov, a sinister long-haired Holy Man from Shepherd's Bush who seemed to exercise an astonishing power over the heir to the throne, along with Sir Laurensvanderpostor (a South African mystic) and Sir Hughcashinoff, the Royal Art Master.

Is this the real Fergiana?

Finally, the whole Royal Family met their end when Murdoch surrounded them in a palace with hundreds of cameramen and shot them to death.

Anamnesia

One outstanding mystery remained — did Grand Duchess Fergiana escape to America and start a new life with a Texan Friend under the name of the Duchess of York? The crumpled redhead who now works as a topless model in San Francisco has always claimed that she was the real Fergiana. No one ever believed her. Now, thanks to this new breakthrough, they still don't.

On other pages

- Princess Diana: Why the Queen is no longer my Mother-in-Law — shock outburst.
- A.N. Wilson on Anna Ford at 80 — is she the world's most beautiful woman?
- Barbara Cartland at 310 — profile Lynn Barbie-Doll.
- Unfunny cartoon by Jak.

Jerusalem Post

Late News 0 AD

CONSERVATIVE councillors in Bethlehem have highlighted the case of a young single mother who was given preferential housing immediately after the birth of her child. A report reveals that Mary jumped to the top of the queue and moved into a lavish stable equipped with luxurious mangers and swaddling clothes. The councillors insisted that the father, whoever He might be, should be pursued for maintenance. A Mr Joseph, resident in Nazareth, offered to adopt the child, but was turned down by social workers, as being "too old and too unaware of the problems of ethnic fostering".

Reuters

LUZ
BY CUTTER PERKINS & RGJ
Nº23
WE NEED TO CUT DEFENCE
THEY AALREADY HAVE! LOOK AT AAL THEM TARTS IN WOR GARDEN!
BAN THE BOMB
BLAM!!
JUST TRYIN' TA GERRIN UURLY TA SAVE PAYIN' US WOR BASTAAD EIGHT QUID!!
THEY'RE NUCLEAR PROTESTERS, FATHA!
WELL, THERE'S NO NUCLEAR FAMILIES ROOND HERE! FNARR!
I KNAA! WHY DIVVENT YA TEK BRITANNIA OOT O' DEFENCE AN PURRIT IN SOMMAT ELSE!
!?!
AYE! YA'LL SAVE TWELVE MILLION A YEAR!
THE OPENING CEREMONY
THEY'RE UURPEN, WOR GRANNIE!
THE QUEEN MUM GATES GRAND OPENING
EE! GERRUS A COUPLE O' PINTS AN' A NICE G+T, PET!

To the Editor of the Daily Telegraph

From Sir Herbert Gussett

SIR — In view of the recent controversy over Mr Chris Patten's so-called "tests" in schools, I am sure many of your readers will be interested to know that I have recently discovered a yellowing "Common Entrance" Paper for the year 1937, which was being used to line a drawer in the tallboy on our landing. This unique historical document only came to light last Tuesday when I was searching, albeit fruitlessly, for our brown snooker ball which I had mislaid in the summer of 1958. As I read through some of the questions which every young schoolboy was expected to answer in those far-off days, I could not help wondering how many of them the youngsters of today, brought up on a diet of videos and junk food, could begin to answer:

Bakewells Grange,
Preparatory of St Cake's.
July 1937

Answer all questions. Time allowed — three hours.

1. *Why is the British Empire the greatest empire the world has ever known?*
2. *Look at the map provided and colour in red all the dominions, colonies, protectorates and mandates which make up the British Empire.*
3. *Divide £5.14s.6½d by 2 rods, 3 perches and half a furlong.*
4. *Give an account of Edward I's third Scottish campaign and explain the significance of the Peace of Tannochbrae.*
5. *Give examples of the following: a conjunctival noun; a hanging gerund; the future subjunctive case; a polymoron.*
6. *Translate into Latin the following sentences:*
   (i) The soldiers laid waste the fields.
   (ii) The girl loves the farmer.
   (iii) Caesar will go to Rome for Christmas.

All this, I am sure your readers will agree, is a far cry from today's curriculum in which young people are taught only how to make egg cups out of yoghurt cartons, and cannot even spell their own names.

Your obedient servant,
SIR HERBERT GUSSETT,
Mortarboards,
Rhodes Boyson, Herts.

'An underclass of techonological illiterates will be left fighting for last crumbs of welfare'

Sunday Telegraph

IPFRONTERS

Continuing the hugely popular Sunday Supplement feature you can read exclusively in every paper...

☺ Joely good show! Miss **Richardson** is one maiden who has been bowled over by dishy **David Gower**! She may have been Lady Chatterley but he's not at Lords! Are they going out or staying in!

☺ Who's this with stars in his eyes? It's TV's **Patrick Moore** looking at the heavenly body of **Amanda de Cadenet**! Is that a telescope in your pocket Patrick or are you just pleased to see her?

☺ It must be computer dating! **Sharon Stone's** definitely sweet on **Alan Sugar!** He won't need any Hot-spurring on with this Tottynam either!

☺ **Caine** and a Belle! **Raquel Welch** is certainly keeping herself under wraps! Not many people know that! What a Welch rare bit!

☺ You Who!! It's **Roger Daltrey** of course and she's a **Britt** of alright too! They're talking 'bout his generation, I expect! Still, there will always be an **Eckland**!

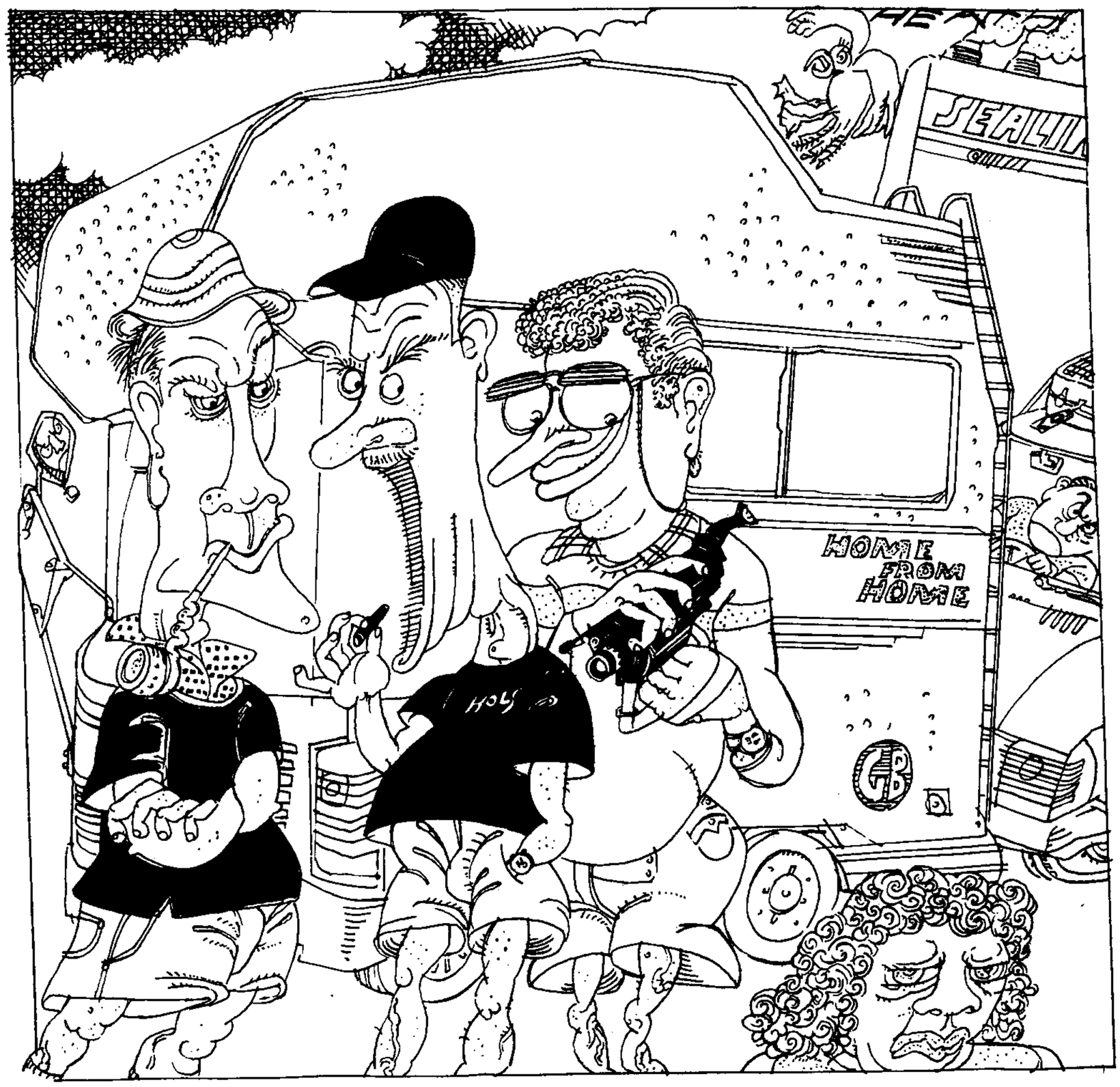
☺ Lord Linley's fiancé is looking calm and **Serena**! Though her escort **Sir Peregrine** is looking somewhat the **Worsthorne** for wear!! Don't build up your **Stan-hopes** Perry! This girl's already viscounted for!

(That's enough piss poor captions to PR photos by clapped out hacks, Ed.)

Radio Four

Anna Ford: Thank you, Rabbi.
Rabbi Blue: Thank you, Brian, oh no, it's Anna today. Well, thank you, anyway.
Anna Ford: And now over to Mark Dulli, in Telhi.
Dulli: *(Sound of gunfire.)* Well there is renewed fighting here at Shepherd's Bush, at the shrine of British Broadcasting where the new spiritual leader of Britain's 50 million licence holders, John Krishna Birti, is under fierce attack from the traditionalists led by myself. Charges are being made that Birt runs an empire of fear based on tyranny and no one is allowed to speak out.
(Voice off: "You're fired, Tully".)
Anna Ford: Sorry, that's all we've got time for and now a look ahead to what's on Radio Four with Brian Perkins.
Perkins: *(For it is he.)* Just how safe is your lawn mower? In tonight's "The Lawn Mower Programme" Jenny Flymo meets a couple from Haywards Heath who think safety standards should be increased after losing a prize Buddleia to a runaway mower. And Psychiatrist Anthony Clare reckons that using a strimmer helps to relieve the tensions of modern life.
Anna: And now back to Bosnia.
(Continues for ever.)

Wellcome has had to stop clinical tests of heart drug Flolan because tests have shown that patients who receive a constituent of the treatment have a higher morality rate than those who don't.
Evening Standard

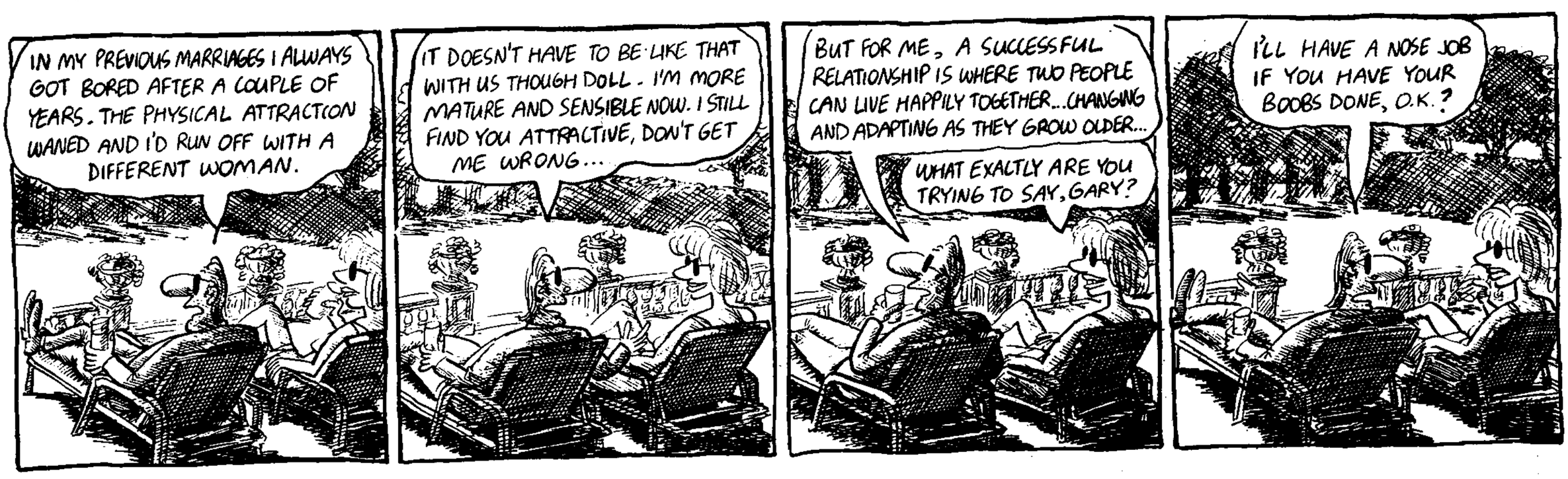


Great Bores of Today

"...I've got one of those it's a Nilko PX zoom isn't it it's a great improvement on the old model it's lighter total auto focus and the battery life is doubled we went to my daughter's wedding and I got the whole service and most of the reception on one tape even the speeches just think of the kids in twenty years time they'll be able to relive the whole thing I've got a video library of most of their lives and I've built a special shelf unit for it and this friend of mine's son even filmed his wife having a baby apparently it was much more moving when he saw it back on the screen it's much better than television and we've got some very funny moments with the toddlers and there's this one film of the cat Sheba trying to get the goldfish in the pond it's hysterical we sent it in to Jeremy Beadle but he didn't use it we've got one of those self-edit machines so we can do our own out takes it's brilliant there's another bit at Grandpa's funeral where Doreen went into the wrong chapel of rest I love it there's always something new to film like this holiday for example shall I stand here that'll make a good shot..."

Celeb

LIGGER


IN MY PREVIOUS MARRIAGES I ALWAYS GOT BORED AFTER A COUPLE OF YEARS. THE PHYSICAL ATTRACTION WANED AND I'D RUN OFF WITH A DIFFERENT WOMAN.
IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE LIKE THAT WITH US THOUGH DOLL. I'M MORE MATURE AND SENSIBLE NOW. I STILL FIND YOU ATTRACTIVE, DON'T GET ME WRONG...
BUT FOR ME, A SUCCESSFUL RELATIONSHIP IS WHERE TWO PEOPLE CAN LIVE HAPPILY TOGETHER...CHANGING AND ADAPTING AS THEY GROW OLDER...
WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY, GARY?
I'LL HAVE A NOSE JOB IF YOU HAVE YOUR BOOBS DONE, O.K.?

Biggles Flies A Desk

by Capt. W.E. JohnMajors

"BAD news, Ginger," said Squadron Leader "Biggles" Bigglesworth as he wrestled with the controls of the Canon NK473D photocopier. "I'm afraid we've lost the whole bally squadron."

"Cripes!" said Ginger as he reloaded the A4 paper into the Fax machine.

"Yes, I'm afraid we're all grounded. The whole RAF. Jerry came in at 4 o'clock."

"What Jerry from the Ministry of Defence?"

"Yes. We didn't see him coming. He started firing immediately. We tried to get him off our backs by telling him to

sack everyone in the Navy instead but it was too late."

Ginger nervously checked his instruments. Pencil sharpener, rubber band, Post-it note dispenser. All AOK. Biggles continued, his upper lip stiffening visibly: "We put up a good fight but we've had to ditch all the crates and most of the lads aren't coming back."

"We're no match for those dashed P45s are we, Sir?"

"Apparently not, Ginger. Some of the chaps baled out into Civvy Street in time but the rest just crashed onto the old dole."

There was a long pause and Ginger looked shaken as he made a slow 180 degree turn round the coffee machine.

"Buck up, Ginge!" Biggles reassured his old chum. "At least we can still fly this old kite."

"What is it, sir? Tornado? Harrier? Phantom?"

"No, it's a kite. I bought it at Hamley's"

"Tally ho, Sir!"

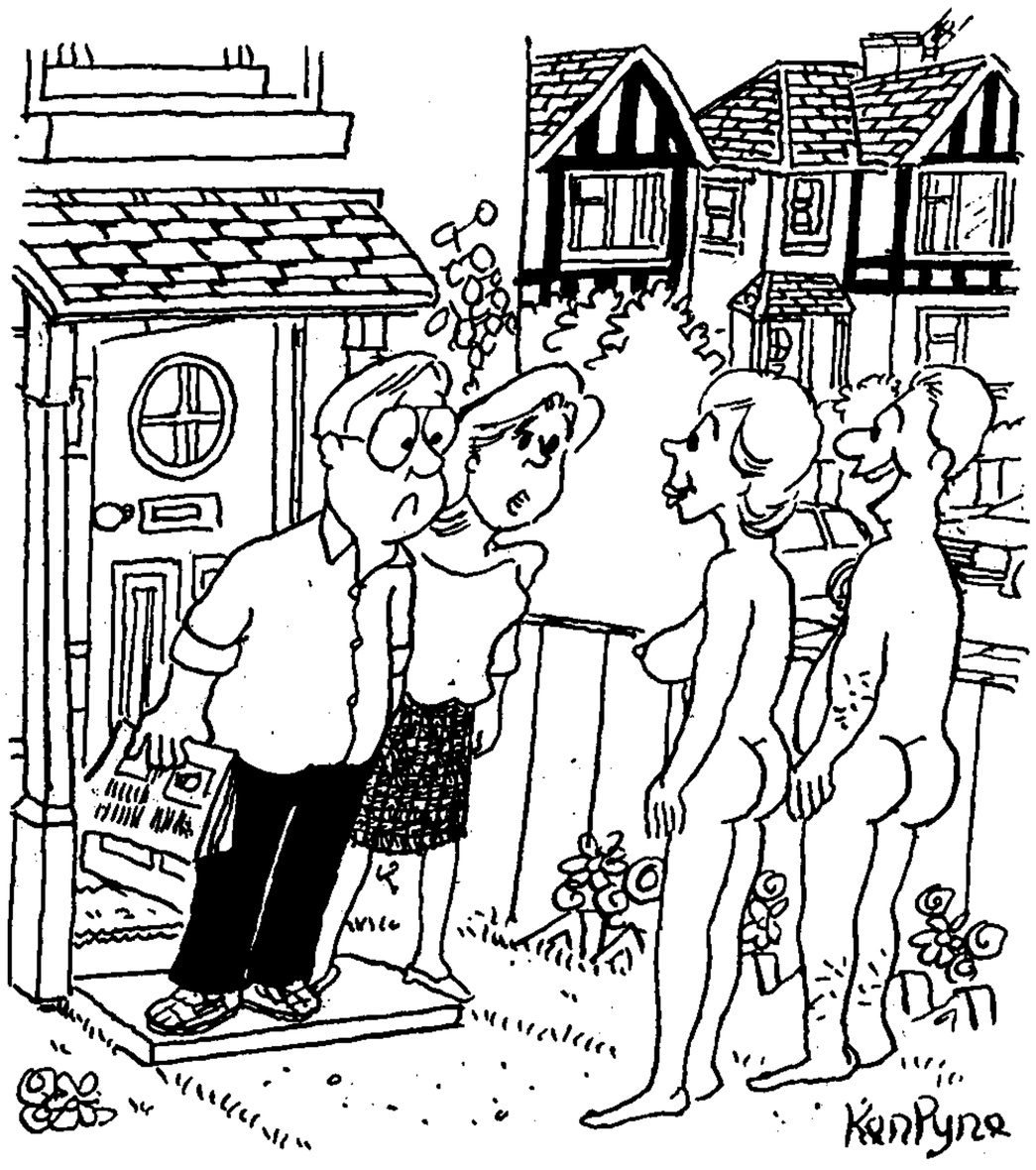
A TV Doctor Writes

As a doctor I am often asked "Are you having an extra-marital affair?" The simple answer is "Yes".

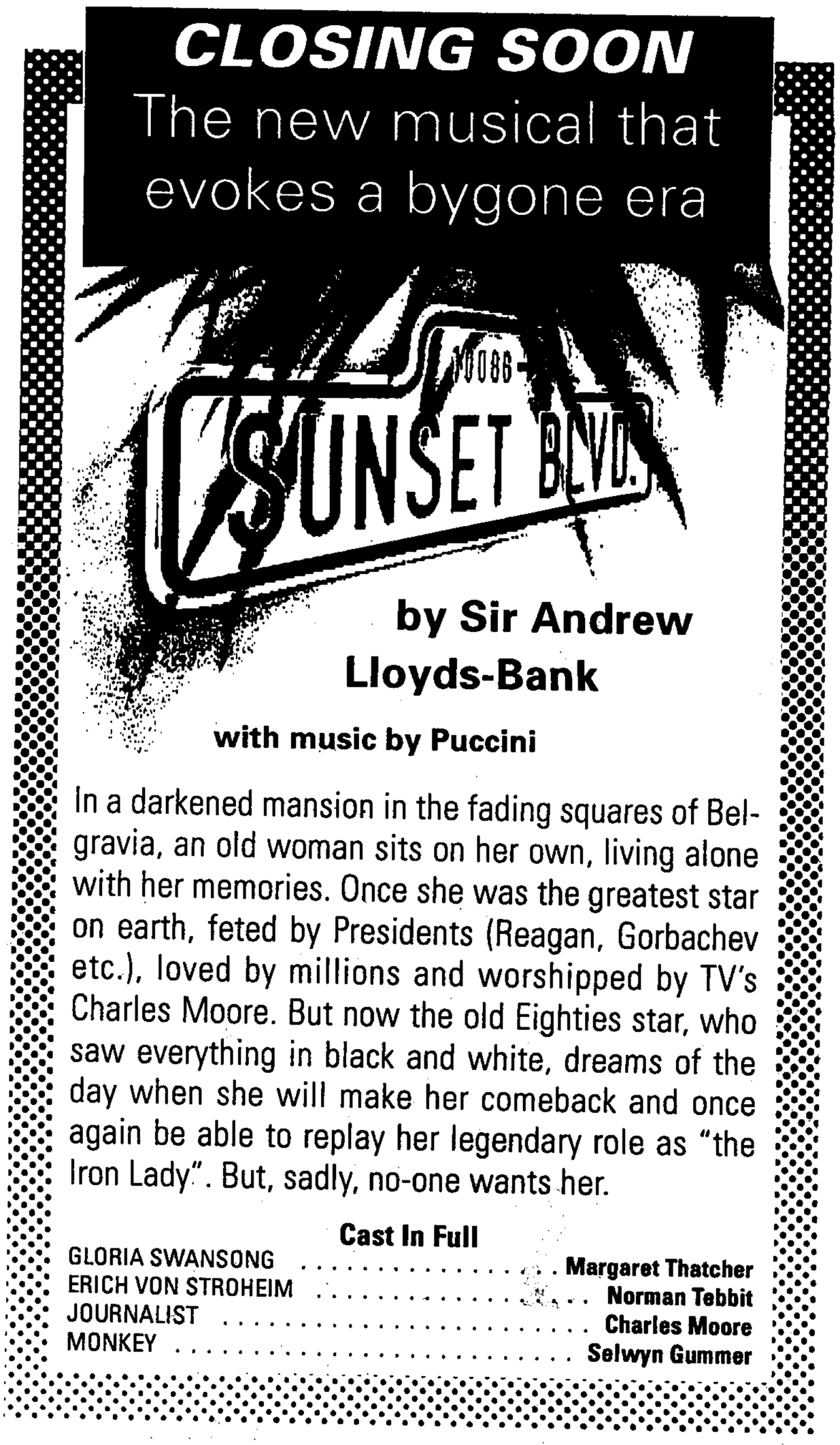
What happens is that the Doctor goes on television and tells people how important married life is. He then runs off with the nearest totty or *Legoveris Blondus Televisionsis* to give it the full medical name. (This is also known as observing the Hypocritic Oath.)

If you are worried about your marriage breaking down you are advised not to write to Dr Hilary Jones. He may be the other man.

© A.G.M.T.V. Doctor



"Hello! Remember us? We met at St. Tropez last summer and you said if ever we were passing your way we should look you up"



by Sir Andrew Lloyds-Bank

with music by Puccini

In a darkened mansion in the fading squares of Belgravia, an old woman sits on her own, living alone with her memories. Once she was the greatest star on earth, feted by Presidents (Reagan, Gorbachev etc.), loved by millions and worshipped by TV's Charles Moore. But now the old Eighties star, who saw everything in black and white, dreams of the day when she will make her comeback and once again be able to replay her legendary role as "the Iron Lady". But, sadly, no-one wants her.

Cast In Full

GLORIA SWANSONG	**Margaret Thatcher**
ERICH VON STROHEIM	**Norman Tebbit**
JOURNALIST	**Charles Moore**
MONKEY	**Selwyn Gummer**

APPALLING WOMEN INVADE BUCKINGHAM PALACE

by Our Court Correspondent **Candida Lycett-Greenham-Common**

IN the biggest breach of Royal security known for centuries, two young women recently carried out a successful break-in into the inmost circles of the Royal Family.

The nation has been shocked to learn how easy it was for Diana Spenser, 23, an unemployed former play group supervisor, and Fergiana Slagg, 26, a one-time chalet girl and topless model, to intrude into the very heart of the British establishment.

Legover Wall

Fortunately Palace officials rumbled them within years, and the two women were persuaded to leave the Royal Family in return for huge sums of money.

"One day they're there, the next they're gone"

LABOUR TO CHOOSE USELESS CANDIDATES UNDER NEW SCHEME

by Our Man at Westminster
Alan Watneys

IN a determined bid to lose the next election, the Labour Party is to adopt a new rule whereby only completely useless candidates will be chosen to contest safe Labour seats.

A special list of useless candidates is being drawn by Ms Claire Short MP, who says "it is high time that useless people were properly represented in parliament. We have been very slow in the Labour Party to effect any significant change, and now even the Tory Party has more useless people in Parliament than we do."

"We have already made a good start by electing a totally useless Party leader, Mr Smith, and his even more useless deputy, Ms Beckett."

Ms Short is 35-24-35.

SOAP UPDATE

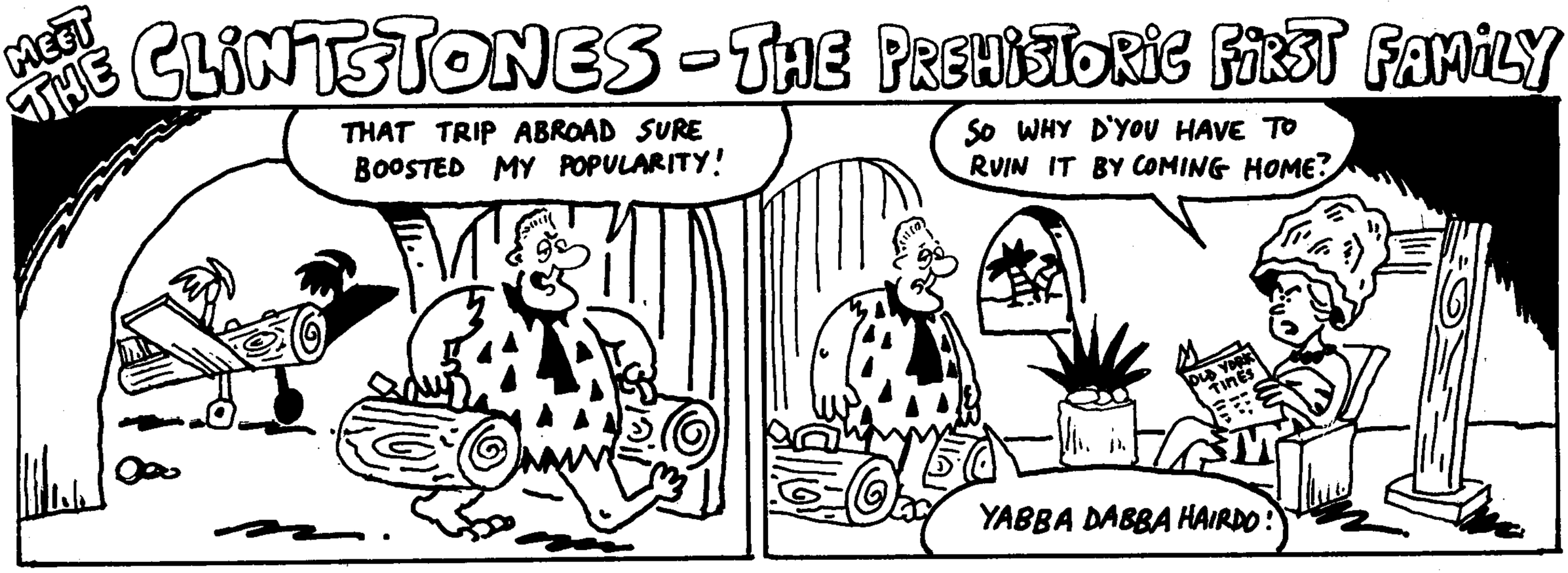
Estherado
NASTY Alan has upset Esther by sacking her. But what will become of Doc, Gavin and the bald one? Does anyone care? Last episode.

Neighbours
JOHN at No. 10 has been upset by bearded Steve. And so has his friend Claire. But there's a new couple at No. 11 and Kenneth is becoming more popular than John. John is upset again. Is he about to be written out?

Middle EastEnders
AN UPSET Saddam has tried to kill George. And Bill's upset. He's having none of it. So he's tried to kill Saddam. Angry words are exchanged as Bill wipes out a residential area of Baghdad.

The Archers (R4)
JEFFREY has upset everyone by writing a new book. Meanwhile Mary is helping out at Lloyds. But she's upsetting everyone too.

Poke Practice (ITV)
MAVERICK Dr Hilary Jones is upsetting his bosses by poking (*That's enough upsets, Ed.*)


MEET THE CLINTSTONES - THE PREHISTORIC FIRST FAMILY
THAT TRIP ABROAD SURE BOOSTED MY POPULARITY!
SO WHY D'YOU HAVE TO RUIN IT BY COMING HOME?
DUB YORK TIMES
YABBA DABBA HAIRDO!

Lines Written On The Decision Of The BBC Not To Continue The That's Life Programme After 25 Historic Years

by William Rees-McGonegall

'Twas in the year Nineteen Hundred and Ninety Three
That a momentous decision was taken by the BBC.
To terminate the celebrated programme called That's Life
Which at one time was watched by millions, e.g. Mr Average
Briton and his wife.

No longer could the nation look forward to weekends
To tune into Miss Rantzen and her young male friends.
No longer would they see her gleaming teeth
Or the black-stocking-ed legs that she displayed beneath.

Over the years she had become the conscience of the nation
As her exposés forced small businessmen into liquidation.
Many a time-share seller rued the day
When Esther and her film crew came down their way.

Also the Gas Board was in no position to rejoice
When its spokesmen were quoted in a silly voice.
Esther presided over it all like a glamorous granny
Acting as TV's leading Super-Nanny.

In her wake came her little band of Young Turks
Thought by many to be no more than a bunch of emasculated
jerks.
(Surely "brilliant investigative journalists exposing the waterworks?")
One thinks of such names as Chris Searle and Doc Cox
And there were many such others who owed to her their career
on the box.

But the programme of course had its lighter side
To balance the sad stories of punters who'd been taken for a ride.
Many a dog was persuaded to stand up and sing
And budgies were seen to perform acrobatic manoeuvres on
their swing.

Indeed an episode was considered a failure
That did not show a carrot which looked like male genitalia.
Older viewers will recall Mr. Fletcher sitting in his special chair
As Esther said to him "Cyril have you got a cutting for us there?"

"Yes Esther" the aged entertainer would reply
"It concerns the opening of a new public toilet in Rye".
Such merry jests were greeted by the studio audience with
such laughter
That Esther must have thought her show would go on for
ever after.

In the streets of West London she became a famous figure
Wandering about always trying to raise a snigger.
"What does this remind you of, madam?" she would cry
Waving a large pink sausage in an old lady's eye.

And if they didn't say something silly
She'd move on until someone cried "It's a willy".
But eventually after many a long year the ratings began to fall
Until there was no one left watching That's Life at all.

So in desperation they moved it to Saturday night
But viewers preferred to go down the pub to get tight.
So finally it was left to Mr Yentob, Head of BBC1
To tell Esther the dread news that her long day was done.

And so she was tossed onto the scrapheap of history
And what she will do next remains at the time of writing a
mystery.

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"One day son, all this will be whores"

Mr E.R. Dexter, Mr K. Fletcher and Mr G. Gooch

AN APOLOGY

In common with all other newspapers, we may from time to time in recent months have given the impression that the England cricket selectors were wholly incompetent, useless and criminally negligent. Articles such as "Lord Ted Couldn't Pick His Own Nose", "Crybaby Gooch", "F— Off Fletch" and "These Selectors Should Be Strung Up" may have conveyed to our readers that we did not consider these gentlemen entirely suited to carry out their very responsible and onerous duties.

We now recognise that there was never a jot or scintilla of truth in any of the above inferences. Following England's spectacular success in not losing a test match for the first time in three years, we now freely and unreservedly accept that these men have shown extraordinary prescience and unparallelled shrewdness in their team selection, and that Mr W.G. Gooch is beyond a peradventure the greatest captain that England has ever had. We therefore promise in the coming weeks to publish the following headlines: "Now It Should Be King Ted", "Fletch — Cricket's Einstein" and "Wake Up Swedes — Give Goochie The Nobel Prize".

LATE SCORE
Australia 603-2 dec.
England 23-6 (Gooch out first ball)

MY AGONY By PM's Claire

EXCLUSIVE TO ALL NEWSPAPERS

by Our Doorstep Staff
the late **Diana Dorstep**

LOOKING relaxed and cheerful, a smiling Claire Lattimer yesterday posed for photographs as she told reporters of her "months of hell" after being accused of not having an affair with the prime minister.

In a tight-fitting T-shirt and casual jeans, caterer Claire spoke frankly about the nights of passion she never had with the most powerful man in Britain.

SHOCK

As she chatted happily with hundreds of hacks on the pavement outside her swanky Primrose Hill home, svelte Claire — 42-23-36 — confessed of the "awful nightmare" of having her name not linked with that of John Major.

"Thank goodness now it is all over" said the attractive, curvaceous 42-year old cook, as she broke down into laughter. "The whole thing has been absolutely marvellous — I mean unbearable".

More Pics Of PM's Non Mistress On Pages 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

STARS TURN OUT FOR OPENING OF SUNSET BOULEVARD

PETER McLIE'S WEAK

The World's Worst Column Now In The World's Worst Newspaper

What a great lady the Queen Mother is, to be sure! Now that she has reached her 100th birthday is it not time that the nation honoured her with some permanent memorial?

My own suggestion is that we should erect a set of gates in Hyde Park.

But no doubt the boobies in the planning department will find some good reason for turning it down.

When I was a wee laddie in Auchtermuchty I spent many a happy hour in the public library, poring over pictures of dinosaurs.

What extraordinary creatures they were, to be sure. But today's youth have no time for such innocent pursuits.

They are far too busy playing Nintendo games and going to the cinema.

There's an awful lot of fuss these days about who should read the news on TV. My own preference would be for my friend Andrew Wilson.

He has a lovely speaking voice, and is much more handsome than the likes of Clive Anderson.

But I am certainly not going to waste valuable space in my column writing about such trivia.

Have you noticed how many people these days have taken to leaving their offices on Friday and not coming back till Monday morning?

I think I have spotted a new fashion there. If so I am sure it won't last.

(Why don't you leave on Friday and not come back at all, Ed)

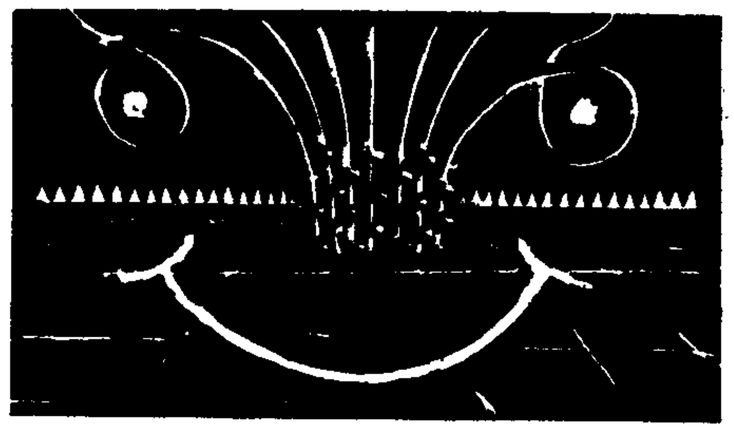
"Urgh! I hate women smoking!"

12.10 The Good Sex Guide* Margi Clarke looks at how couples can keep their sexual spark alive once the fires of passion have cooled. (R) *5279920*

12.40 FILM: Carry On Dick Stars Sidney James, Barbara Windsor and Bernard Bresslaw. The Carry On team turns its salacious attention to the adventures of Dick Turpin. (1974)

Graunlad

DIARY



A VIRAGO KEEPSAKE DIARY

Germaine Greer: My God, we needed it. Twenty five years ago, when Virago began, we writing women were crudely and immaturely caricatured as ball-breaking harridans — a prejudice I took pains to refute in a long and considered article for OZ magazine at the time ("Cut Their Balls Off", May 1975).

Since then, we women writers have come far, and we now sing gloriously from the hilltops with one beautiful and unified voice. Except, that is, for some women, who persist in doing us down with their careerist ambition and their big feet and their oh-so-happy family life and their "own thoughts" on this and that and their blind refusal to see someone like, say, Germaine Greer as the leading figure in the past twenty five years of liberation. Still, that's what you get from doing your damnedest, sweating blood and guts for others, and a fat lot of good it's done me. Women! Crikey, the way they persist in thinking for themselves rather than following my clear lead really gets up my nose. But then that's women for you.

Grace Nichols: My voice as a writer has its source very much in the Caribbean, which means that psychically you're connected to the Americas, Africa, Asia and Europe, offering a creatively exciting cross-fertilisation.

In this poem, I deal with my female historical past — the streams of memory of a slave woman, the embodiment of all the women who've gone through that humiliating and brutal experience, whilst echoing too the other sides of my personality — particularly my sense of fun, my powers of observation and my extraordinary compassion for the oppressed:

i is a virago author
i is a virago author
i is woman, i is black
mi poems ain't yo poems
but now you bought dem you can't take dem back
so dere.

Elizabeth Wilson: I first met Carmen Callil in I forget which year. At this particular meeting — Was it a meeting? I forget — Carmen, like me, was knitting. Knitting was enjoying a revival, re-evaluated as an underrated women's craft. The year before — or was it the year before that? — those of us at the forefront of the women's movement had experimented with car maintenance, and the year after — or was it the year before the year after? — a breakaway group on the cutting edge of feminism were leading a radical re-appraisal of washing-up, making their own scouring pads in an all-woman co-operative. But at that time — if it was at that time — most of our concerns were echoed in knitting. Many of us saw it as a microcosm of the paradigm that was the encapsulation of the ethos of the energisation of the notion of the value-system of the network of the passionate concerns of our struggle: it was as simple as that.

I had been knitting daily for two years. Click-click, click-click, click-click. For hour upon hour, my needles would click together. But Carmen's first words to me — I'll never forget them — were, "Have you ever tried doing that with wool?"

With those few words, my eyes were opened. Over the two long years in which I had been knitting, I had felt an increasing gap — emotional, sexual, psycho-sociological — that seemed to separate me from the knitting output of other women. Surely, I felt in my bones, there must be more to knitting — more to life — than simply clicking two needles together. Other people — other women — had produced pullovers, scarves, and cardigans, but at the end of two years solid knitting I had managed to produce nothing. Until that moment when Carmen suggested wool.

Unprompted, I went out and bought my first ball of wool on December 31st, 1979. But the very next day, without warning, the Seventies gave way to the Eighties, and a new spirit took over. Somehow the feminism of the 1980s was not conducive to knitting, so I never made my scarf. Instead, I transformed the ball of wool into something more suited to the 80s *zeitgeist*: a single long thread reaching upstairs, ready to ravel or unravel as the mood took me. I wonder if Carmen still knits? Did she ever knit? I forget. I wrote so much in the eighties, perhaps that was my knitting, my books my polo-necks. In my next Virago book, *Women, Wool and The Dichotomy of Labour: The Absolute Knit*, I hope to explore this whole subject — What whole subject? I forget — in even greater depth, if at all.

Maya Angelou: Words. Words. Words.
Words.
Words. Words. Words.

That's seven words in all: words, words, words, words, words, words. And words. Seven words, all the same, all "words". And all my children. My own beautiful children, who bring me so much pleasure and delight. Seven words. Or fifty two words now, including these words. But still not quite enough words to get me to the end of this very sacred and precious Keepsake.

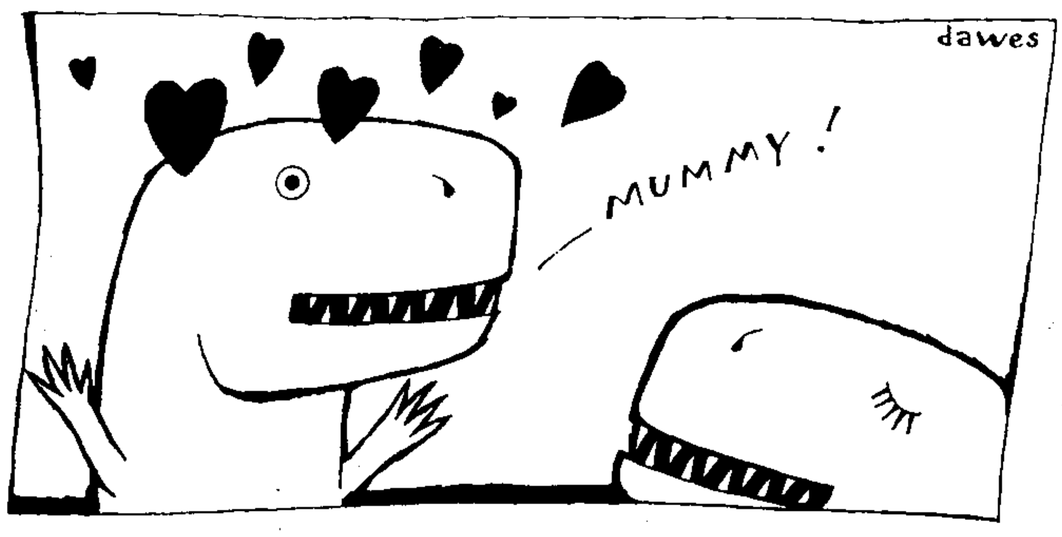
Sometimes, interviewers say to me, they say, "Maya Angelou, everyone knows you are one of the greatest writers in this world of ours today. Everyone knows you can make words sing and dance and play so merrily on the page, you can make them waltz around maypoles and throw their hands in the air and catch dollar bills floating through the air in this great big beautiful universe. And everyone knows that the story of your life is a shining beacon to all those folks who wish to grow to be like you. You have done so many things in your life: brave things, noble things, beautiful things, things of genius. But today, Maya Angelou, how would you describe yourself?" This is the sort of question they ask.

And you know what I reply? I reply, "Honey, did you say '*one* of the greatest writers in the world', is that what you said? Because if that's really what you said, I don't think we understand one another, honey, you know really I don't."

And then you know what I say? I say, "As the world's greatest writer, I approach my job with humility. I like to put my trust in words. I am their most humble servants. I wait upon adverbs. I serve candy to pronouns. I press the suits of prepositions. But I won't take no haughty behaviour from no jumped-up two-bit little conjunction, you bet I won't."

How do I write? I place my pen upon the pad and I open my window to allow the great writers of the past to enter into my writing room. Shelley. Gerard Manley Hopkins. Gide. Dorothy Wordsworth. Keats. Christina Rossetti. William Shakespeare. They all parade around the room, whispering to me of their poesy and their prose. And you know what I reply to these great writers? I reply, "Stop your boney chattering and shove off! You're all dead and gone and Maya Angelou, she wants to write!"

Words. Words. Words.
Words. Words.
Words. Words. Words.



OEDIPUS T. REX

Conduct guide revisited

The Law Society is shortly to publish its revised professional conduct guide for solicitors, which is a third bigger than the previous edition five years ago. As part of a cost-cutting exercise 6,000 guides will be sent to each firm.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH CHOIRS

COMBINE TO GIVE A RECITAL OF SCARED CHORAL AND SOLO MUSIC INTERSPERSED WITH INSTRUMENTAL ITEMS

Poppy appeal

THE Express & Echo has been asked to point out that the Alphington branch of the Royal British Legion donated £6,094 to the National Poppy Appeal and not the National Puppy Appeal as stated in some editions yesterday.

Literary Review

Novel gazing

In the Kingdom of Air
Tim Binding
(Jonathan Cape, £14.99)

NO DOUBT there is some sort of link between economics and the wider patterns of cultural achievement. At any rate, like the national economy and the national football team, the English novel — that pallid and scrawny beast — is widely believed to be careering down the long slide to obscurity.

No one buys English novels — the statistics show that — and now, apparently, no one writes them either. Only recently a sad young man took up several columns of the *Guardian* to reveal the shocking fact that neither he nor his collection of brainy acquaintances now considered novel-writing a useful or profitable activity, and all over England silent tears were shed at the sight of so much nascent genius cast down by circumstance.

As a matter of fact, this idea is complete nonsense. Everyone is writing novels. I am writing a novel. John Major is probably writing one. Publishers' reception areas are cluttered with minor celebs convinced that launching into fiction is just the *dandiest* way to revive a flagging career. Only last week came the terrifying news that some poor hack has got to write one to which Britt Ekland can eventually put her name. Anyone can do it, it seems, or get it done for them.

In fact the trick is such an easy one to play that even publishers are picking up the cards. Here, as in so many areas of our national life, the recession is to blame. While there are a few *bona fide* publisher-novelists — Faber's cherubic Robert McCrum, for example — the majority are *ex*-publishers, laid low by retrenchment. Barely had the gates of Hutchinson slammed shut behind Robyn Sisman (sacked for editing the bestseller, *Fatherland*) than an outline of her *roman à clef* about Bill Clinton at Oxford (since sold for megabucks) was doing the rounds.

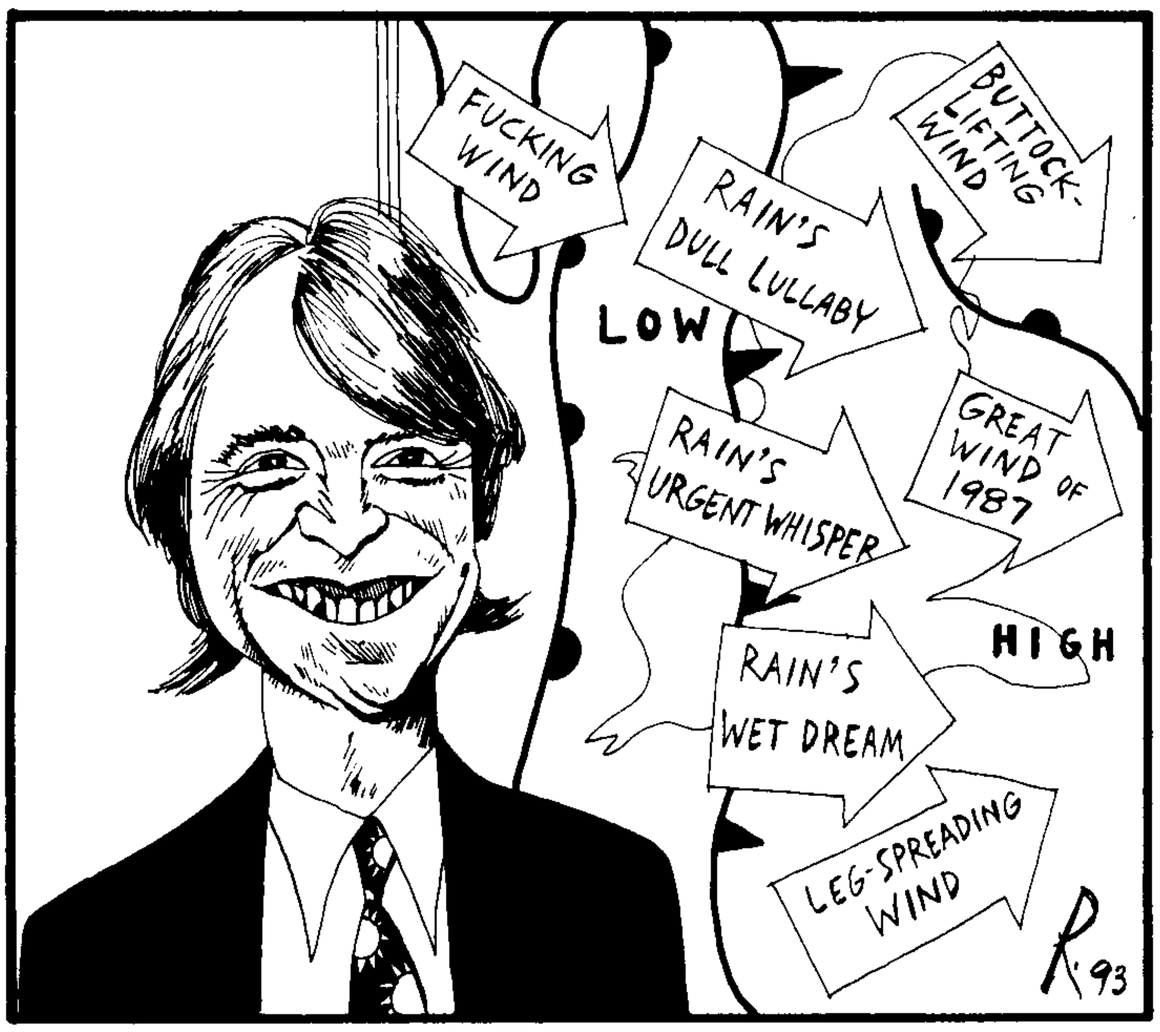
The book trade loves publishers who write, if only because showing that we can do it too is a splendid way of getting back at proper authors, whom nearly everyone in the book trade loathes on account of their vanity, petulance, arrogance and a conspicuous inability to write books without publishers' help. Its journals, consequently, have had a great deal to say about Tim Binding (formerly of Penguin and Mainstream) and his first novel, how Caradoc (King, predatory agent) liked it and David (Godwin, now, too, an ex-publisher — perhaps he's writing one) stumped up the readies, how it needed editing (an opinion cheerfully confirmed by the author) and its combination of talent and mass appeal.

For mass appeal, presumably read sex. *In the Kingdom of the Air* belongs to a rather familiar genre of modern English writing, the Graham Swift English childhood plus lurking mystery novel — in this case the attempt of a randy BBC weatherman to unravel the disappearance of the siren of his painstakingly evoked Kentish youth — and, like many another exercise in the genre, ruinously self-indulgent.

The first bit is a smug sex diary of the type Colin Wilson used to produce, full of who did what to whom and the pieces of furniture pressed into service, until about 60 pages in it suddenly turns into Proust — all 20 line sentences and laborious recreations of past time.

The distinguishing note, though, is a sort of sub-Dickensian delight in saying the same thing in a number of slightly different ways. Thus, of climactic conditions, "We fell asleep to rain's dull lullaby, we woke to rain's urgent whisper, and in the hours between it was rain's dreams, rain's wet dreams which we dreamt. We hurried from rain but could not escape..." (Memo to editor: this is an extraordinarily ugly piece of writing). Occasionally weather and randiness come together with unintentionally hilarious results, as when our hero sits in a wind-racked hotel room — the story reaches crescendo during the great storm of October 1987 — "spread my legs and lifted my buttocks up into the air. Let the wind fuck me I thought. Let the wind find me naked in the dark..."

Well, yes indeedy. There are also lots of brackets (like this), full of irrelevant material (rather like this). But this is Tim's first novel and *everyone is being very kind*. However, the long-term consequences are too awful to contemplate. Where will it end? Which publishing savant will be next? Can we expect glittering first novels from, for example, Eddie Bell or Bill Buford? The publisher who writes, according to Arthur Koestler, is like a cow in a milk-bar. This is one herd instinct that ought to be stoutly resisted.



BOOKS & BOOKMEN

■ ACCORDING to William Boot in the *Bookseller*, the lunatics have been ghettoised at Random House. It all depends how you define "lunatics" in publishing. Are Supremo Gail Rebuck, Marketing Director Caroline Michel and their new dynamic regime mad? Or is the man they got rid of, David Godwin, the loon?

Godwin, the displaced managing director of Cape, has been waxing lyrical to the *Evening Standard* about the pleasures of agenting. His first client? Young Norman Mailer.

His departure from Cape has led to the usual round of musical chairs, but more fatuous and frenetic than usual. This time even Chatto boss Carmen Callil has been telling people not to talk about the internal politics of "the Group". Peter "Eeyore" Straus and Jon "Life of" Riley were rumoured to have declined the top Cape chair, which went to nice Dan Franklin. He had previously slipped into Godwin's old hot seat at Secker & Warburg.

Straus, by way of saying "thank you", has inveigled Cape's publicity director, Rachel Kerr, to Picador in the hope that Cape's big three — Julian Barnes, Martin Amis and Ian MacEwen — will follow. Straus has also, amusingly, persuaded Riley to leave Penguin and join him as Picador's deputy dawg.

Franklin wanted to replace Kerr with the luscious Mina Fry, his publicity chief at Seckers and friend of Imran Khan. There are still too many loose bodies floating around Random House. Dan was forbidden Fry and has to make do with Vintage's brilliant publicity manager, Rachel Cunigoni, who has been moved to Cape.

Back at Pan Macmillan, Nick McDowell — the male sex's answer to Queen Caroline Michel — decided upon hearing of the arrival of Rachel Kerr to discover pastures new. He has been snapped up by Skinny Cheetham for Orion. And talking of Michel, her husband Matthew Evans, boss of Faber and Faber, declined to make either Susanne "Mad" McDadd or Joanna "the Hat" Mackle managing director, although both implored him. By way of compensation for many years at Queen Square, the Hat has been made publishing director. McDadd is leaving. And still no job has been found for experienced Mike Petty. Maybe he is too bright.

Editor's note to Bookworm: Who are all these people? Why should anyone be interested? Will their musical chairs result in books being better published? Or better books published?

'Bookworm'

O·B·N

Returning from school, one of them (Nick Ross' sons) shouts up the stairs: "I love you daddy!"

I think it's fair to say that he speaks for us all.

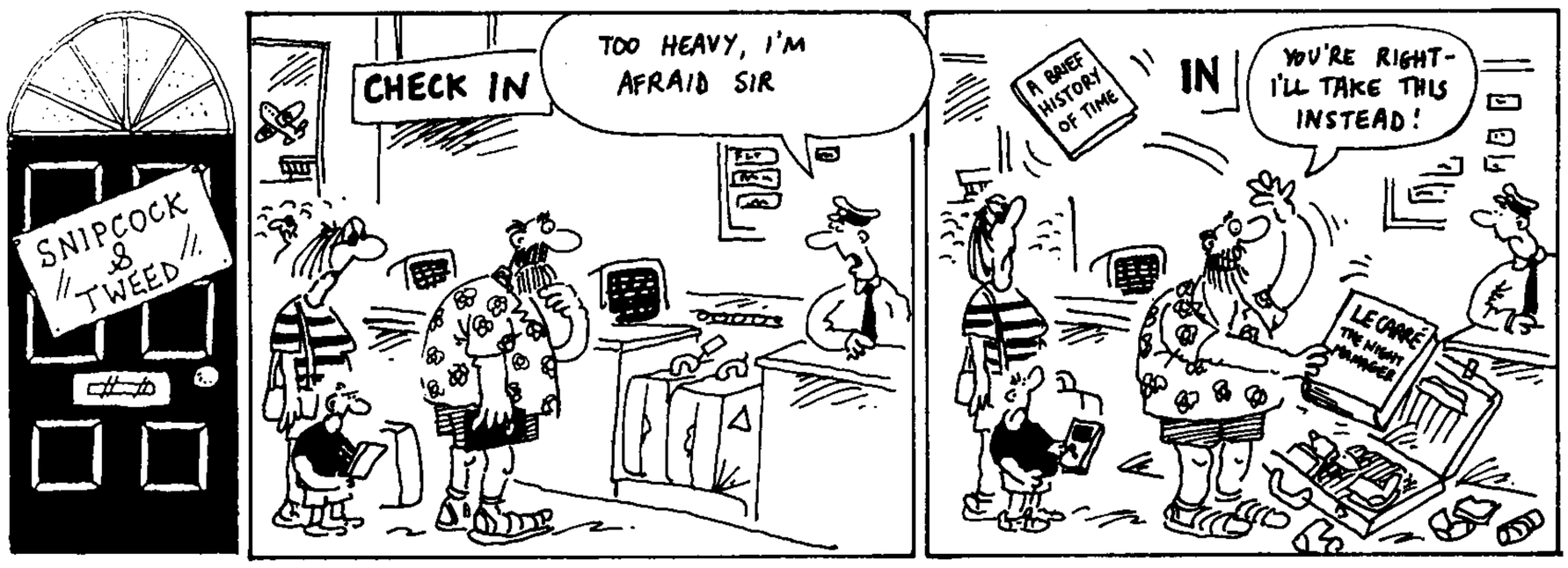
JUDY RUMBOLD
Guardian

I think Anna Ford is by far the best broadcaster in the history of radio and television. She simply outscores them all.

A.N. WILSON
Evening Standard

Submitted by David Poyses and Richard Carpenter

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose



footnotes

Prey of the Jackal

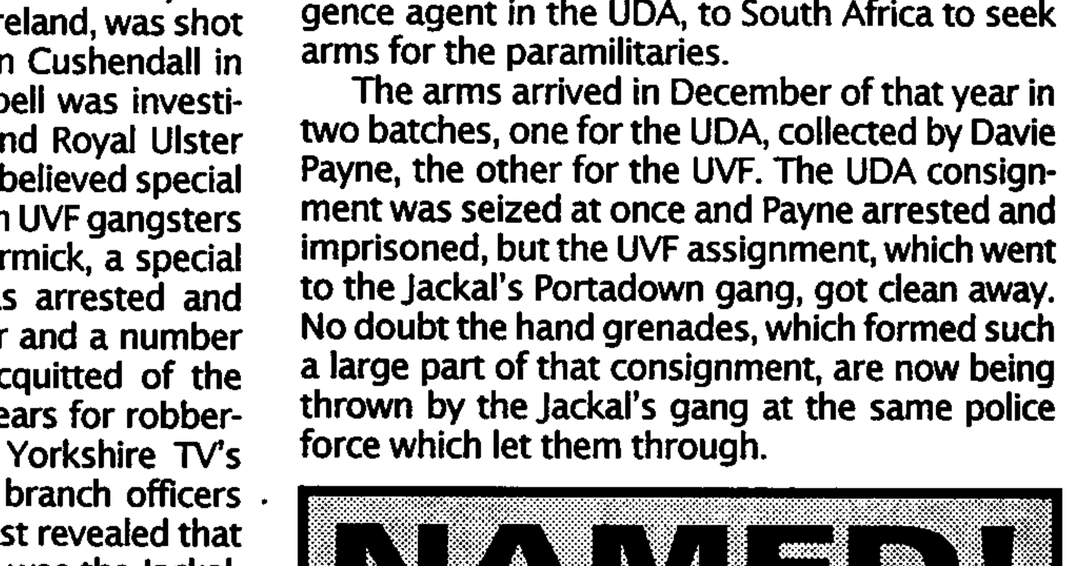
NO ONE seemed very interested in the revelations on Yorkshire TV's *First Tuesday* that the British army and security services were up to their necks in the worst terrorist atrocity since the war.

The quadruple bombing of main streets in rush-hour Dublin and Monaghan in May 1974, which killed 33 people, was the work of a paramilitary Protestant gang, equipped and trained by British army and intelligence officers. The gang was the Mid-Ulster Brigade of the Ulster Volunteer Force, and its leader, the man described in the programme as the Jackal has continued murdering people ever since, to the profound indifference of the authorities.

PATRICK CAMPBELL, a civil rights leader in Portadown, was shot dead at the door of his house in October 1973 by two men who asked his wife if they could have word with him. Mrs Campbell later picked out the Jackal from an identity parade as one of the assailants. He was arrested and charged, but the charges were dropped. Nor was the other assailant, Dublin bomber Wesley Somerville, charged.

JOHN FRANCIS GREEN was assassinated in Monaghan in January 1975 by the Jackal, along with Robert McConnell, a serving officer in the UDR, a British army regiment, and Wesley Somerville. Green's cottage was staked out and his murder planned by an SAS officer, Captain Robert Nairac, stationed at the secret SAS headquarters in Castle Dillon, Armagh.

THE MIAMI SHOWBAND, a pop group of no particular political persuasion, was stopped in July 1975 at a road block near the border by a group of men wearing UDR (British army) uniforms. A bomb was put in the pop group's van. It went off almost at once, killing the man who put it there, Harris Boyle, and Wesley Somerville, both members of the UVF Mid-Ulster Brigade. The rest of the uniformed gang opened fire on the fleeing defenceless pop group, killing three of them.



UNSOLVED: The Dublin Bombings, 1974

One of the men arrested for his part in the massacre, James McDowell, revealed in his confession that the gang was accompanied by Robert Nairac. That part of his confession was conveniently deleted before the case came to court, and Nairac himself was assassinated 22 months later. McDowell, a serving sergeant in the UDR (British army) was sentenced to life, and is still in prison. So was Thomas Crozier, a corporal in the UDR, and James Somerville, also a UDR soldier. The Jackal, who supervised and masterminded the operation, was never arrested or charged.

SGT JOE CAMPBELL, one of the very few Catholic policemen in Northern Ireland, was shot dead at the door of his house in Cushendall in February 1977. Sergeant Campbell was investigating links between the UVF and Royal Ulster Constabulary special branch. He believed special branch officers were working with UVF gangsters to rob banks. Sgt Charles McCormick, a special branch officer at Balymena, was arrested and charged with Campbell's murder and a number of armed robberies. He was acquitted of the murder, but sent down for 20 years for robberies. He was released in 1984. Yorkshire TV's inquiries among former special branch officers involved in the murder have at last revealed that the man who shot Joe Campbell was the Jackal, who was never arrested or charged.

WILLIAM STRATHEARN, a Catholic shopkeeper at Ahoghill near Balymena, was gunned to death at midnight in April 1977 when he was asked by a group of men in a car if he could get some aspirin for a sick child. In the car were four assassins, including two special patrol group policemen, Sgt John Weir and Constable William McCaughey, who were duly convicted of murder. Both got life and are now out of prison. In evidence, Weir named the Jackal as the man who pulled the trigger. Asked why the Jackal was not in the dock, the investigating RUC officer, a superintendent, pleaded "reasons of operational strategy" (*Belfast Telegraph*, 16 June, 1980).

JIM CAMPBELL, a reporter for the *Sunday World* investigating Protestant assassinations, was seriously wounded by a gunman who came to his door in May 1984. UVF fanatic Edward McIlwaine, a serving soldier in the UDR (British army), was convicted of the attack and is still in prison. He did not disclose that he had been sent to assassinate Campbell by the Jackal.

The Jackal's gang, whose other two leaders are a Portadown gunman known as King Rat and a son of one of the men who carried out the Dublin bombings, has gone on killing Catholics at random, and with impunity. It was responsible for the appalling murders of Eileen Duffy, 19, Katrina Rennie, 16 and Brian Frizzell, 29, in a mobile sweet shop at Craigavon in March 1991.

The Jackal's gang gets a lot of its weapons from South Africa. In April 1992 two South African military intelligence officers, Leon Flores and Pamela Du Randt, were expelled from Britain after they met the Jackal's gang and discussed the supply of arms to them.

This South African connection has been encouraged by British intelligence. In 1987 John McMichael, a British intelligence informer in the UDA, sent Brian Nelson, a British army intelligence agent in the UDA, to South Africa to seek arms for the paramilitaries.

The arms arrived in December of that year in two batches, one for the UDA, collected by Davie Payne, the other for the UVF. The UDA consignment was seized at once and Payne arrested and imprisoned, but the UVF assignment, which went to the Jackal's Portadown gang, got clean away. No doubt the hand grenades, which formed such a large part of that consignment, are now being thrown by the Jackal's gang at the same police force which let them through.

SLAUGHTERED: The Miami Showband

NAMED!

ONE OF THE many prominent people worrying about the state of Lloyd's of London is Mr Kent Diederich Skelton Durr, JP, the South African ambassador in London.

Mr Durr has been a "name" at Lloyd's since 1984 when he first entered the South African government as deputy minister for trade and industry. Mr Durr, a wealthy publisher and landowner, became a cabinet minister in 1989 and took up his post in the much-coveted London embassy in 1991.

Mr Durr is in 15 Lloyd's syndicates, including some not entirely healthy ones: like No 52 (Pateman), which made a loss in 1990 of 25 per cent. Other loss-making syndicates to include Mr Durr as a name are 483, 65, and 932 — a nasty one, that 932, weighed down as it is with expensive asbestosis claims, which is rotten luck considering it goes under the name of a former chairman of Lloyd's, Sir Peter Green.

According to the Eye's growing army of Lloyd's sources, Mr Durr recruited several other prominent South Africans to the world famous insurance market. But this is quite wrong. Mr Durr is emphatic: "I have never recruited any names to Lloyd's, or sought to do so directly or indirectly," he assures the Eye.

Sampson & the Liar

IN THE WEEK that the royal commission on criminal justice issued its report, a new principle was added to the criminal law: if you say in court that you made a statement because you were intimidated by police, you can be sent to prison for perjury.

The case in question was presided over by Mr Justice Smedley, who is clearly keen to rid himself of the "softy" reputation he quite unjustly acquired in the Matrix Churchill trial. When an Old Bailey jury, after puzzling for seven hours over the perjury case against Kevin Sarbutts, returned on 1 July with a 10-2 guilty verdict and a most unusual plea for leniency, Smedley promptly sent Sarbutts to prison for three years.

The last-gasp conviction came as a profound relief for the crown prosecution service (CPS), which had pursued Sarbutts relentlessly, even when the courts ruled against them.

Sarbutts is indeed a perjurer. He admitted as much in October 1989 when he publicly declared that he had given false evidence against Alban Turner, who had been convicted the previous year of the "carnival" murder of Notting Hill stallholder Michael Galvin. Sarbutts said he had given false evidence because he had been bullied and bribed by police.

Kevin Sarbutts

Sarbutts's retraction resulted in Turner being freed by the court of appeal in 1990. A testy lord chief justice, Lord Lane, made the fair point that Sarbutts had either lied in the original trial and sent an innocent man to prison for life, or he had lied when he retracted. Lane sent the papers to the CPS, where they were handled throughout by the same CPS officer who had dealt with the Turner prosecution, Stuart Sampson.

A year later Sarbutts was charged with perjury. The charge was not that he had lied when he convicted Turner, nor even that he had lied when he retracted, but that he had lied when he said he had been bullied by the police into giving his evidence.

To mount this prosecution, the CPS relied on statements Sarbutts had made to the police complaints authority (PCA).

PCA investigations are meant to be confidential. When Sarbutts appeared at Horseferry Road magistrates' court on 27 January 1992, the stipendiary Dudley Thomas chucked the case out as an abuse of process.

The CPS then applied for a bill of indictment, which allows it to prosecute without committal by magistrates. On 11 May 1992, in a rare, possibly unique decision, Mr Justice Garland refused to grant a bill. Undeterred, the CPS tried again. It went back to the magistrates' court saying it was no longer in abuse of process, since all the PCA statements had been retyped on Hammersmith police forms! The magistrate was still not impressed, so the CPS applied for a warrant on the basis of three new statements from Hammersmith police. At last, more than three years after the offence, the case limped to the Old Bailey, where the CPS fielded its top team, headed by Jeremy Roberts QC, plus all those PCA statements.

The case revolved around the narrow issue of whether Sarbutts had made his statement against Turner because he had been threatened and assaulted by police. That he had been paid was not in issue. In the weeks before signing a statement against Turner he had been kept in grand style at police expense, getting daily payments of around £50, hotel bills paid, meals and drinks on the "Bill". After giving evidence, he got a "reward" of £6,500.

There was also plenty of evidence that Sarbutts's case against Turner was, as he put it, a pack of lies. Almost everything he told police to back up his story was demonstrable nonsense. He said that he, Turner and others had met before the carnival in a pub — but the publican didn't see them there. He said they had travelled to the carnival in a cab after ringing a minicab firm, but the cab firm's records had neither the call nor the journey. Sarbutts took police officers to a night club and pointed out four people whom he said were Turner's accomplices. The four were released when they proved they could have had nothing to do with the murder, or Turner.

But was Sarbutts beaten into his statement? That was the only issue in front of the jury. One police officer agreed he had seen Sarbutts in the police station with a black eye and a cut chin. The jury was obviously doubtful, and finally compromised on a plea for leniency, which they may not have equated with a three-year prison sentence.

Meanwhile, all those who make complaints or statements to the police complaints authority should now know that whatever assurances they are given about confidentiality, their statements may one day be used to mount a criminal case against them, and send them leniently to prison.

GRAVE END

■ GRAVESEND magistrates' chairman Wilf Hammond struck a great blow for law and order when Sohan Sanghera pleaded guilty to being in possession of two offensive weapons, a telescopic cosh and a knife.

Mr Sanghera, who had been arrested in his car for a motoring offence, explained that he had bought the items weeks ago at a car boot sale and had never taken them out of his jacket pocket.

Trumpeted Mr Hammond: "You and everybody here will be aware of the serious outbreak of violence that has taken place in the borough in recent months."

This may have been a reference to a series of racial attacks in Gravesend in which the victims have always been Asians. Mr Sanghera had only one (spent) previous conviction in 1981, for affray after a racial attack on him and his group in a pub. He went to prison for six months but his firm, Fords of Dagenham, happily took him back when he was released.

The conviction could not be taken into account for sentence. But Mr Hammond, a member of the law and order party, was determined the punishment should be severe. Remanding Mr Sanghera for reports, he warned: "The seriousness we put upon this matter could even include a custodial sentence."

Mr Sanghera's solicitor, Kev Kaila, told the *Eye*: "Obviously I told him that a prison sentence for such an offence was most unlikely, absurd. But I had to agree that it was just possible. He was terribly worried, asking again and again: `Will I lose my job? What about my children?' — he has four."

The following Monday morning Sohan Sanghera hanged himself.

THE THINGS THEY SAY

"Hunting is completely daft but deer stalking is very necessary. The deer in Scotland are becoming like the kangaroos in Australia. My father's not against shooting a deer with a rifle from 300 yards — it's cruelty he's against."

James Clark, estate manager of Friboll, Scottish estate of former Tory minister Alan Clark, explaining why the estate is being rented out for deer stalking. Alan Clark is a proud opponent of hunting. Evening Standard, 28 June

Redwood bull

■ THATCHERITE High Priest John Redwood has worked hard on his reputation as Mr Brilliant, but he can't bear criticism and reacts to it furiously.

In October 1991, Josephine Carr wrote an article in the *Evening Standard* setting out the Law Society's objections to Taurus, the Stock Exchange's new paperless share settlement system. Redwood, then the minister for corporate affairs, was outraged that anyone should criticise such a model of free enterprise. He summoned the chairman of the offending Law Society committee, Bill Knight, and bollocked him for his pedantry and lack of foresight.

John Redwood

He demanded from the *Evening Standard* a right to reply. It appeared (three times as long as the original article) on 17 October 1991, full of hype for the City and the Stock Exchange: "To remain competitive, the City has decided it needs to modernise the back office. Taurus will be a complex system, matching the complex demands of the market and of the companies whose shares will become uncertificated."

Taurus was an unmitigated disaster. Within weeks of its collapse, Redwood was promoted to the cabinet.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183

In the City

SUGGESTIONS, as unkind as they are untrue, that trade secretary Michael Heseltine may indeed be suffering from Asilzheimer's Disease can only be increased by an *Eye*witness who claims to have seen the then defence secretary being greeted at the entrance to Polly Peck's headquarters in early 1985.

"President" Heseltine has declared that "to the best of his recollection" he never met Nadir whose persecution/prosecution by the Serious Farce Office he raised with the attorney-general Sir Nicholas Lyell.

Therefore it clearly cannot be correct that he was seen being greeted by two men, neither of them Asil Nadir, before entering the Polly Peck offices, then in Commercial Road, where others have claimed he was a visitor.

No doubt, if there is any truth in the totally uncorroborated suggestion of a past Nadir/Heseltine connection, the Turkish Delight will be only too happy to make this clear in his next salvo at the Tory ingrates who took his — sorry, Polly Peck's — money and then abandoned him.

A NADIR QUIZ... Of which Conservative party chairmen during the years 1983-89, when he was handing over at least £440,000 and maybe a million more, did Nadir say:

1 "He cost more but he delivered";

2 "He was cheaper but he did not do what he said"?

Answers please to: Asil Nadir, Watergate, Lapta, Northern Cyprus.

ONE POTENTIAL clue to unravelling the still unexplained mystery as to why Michael Mates should sacrifice his ministerial career and perhaps his reputation by Pavlovian devotion to the cause of a Maxwellian conman may be in the ticking time bomb Nadir represented to the Tories as a secret donor.

It may be purely coincidental that a week after Mates first raised the case with the then attorney-general, Sir Patrick Mayhew, Nadir's *Daily Mail* mouthpiece Michael Walters (recently in Northern Cyprus yet again) disclosed "Nadir gave Tories £1.5 million over five years". This article revealed for the first time the existence of Mrs Thatcher's 1987 "thank you" letter and similar embarrassing correspondence from the Tory hierarchy.

After this warning shot Nadir never publicly raised the matter again. But in the background he continued to meet and brief Mates who proved only too willing to top and tail letters clearly drafted by Nadir or his advisers and riddled with Asil-serving errors. When the heat was really on Nadir after the alleged plot to bribe the trial judge was blown, Mates never refused calls to intercede with his now ministerial colleagues.

Mates is not the brightest MP on the Commons block and possesses an arrogance which has lead him into mistakes before. Still, right down to the wire, to the infamous watch, given three days before Nadir fled, Mates never flinched from what he clearly saw as his duty. But even after his resignation speech and the publication of the Mayhew/Lyell correspondence, the question still remains — duty to who? Nadir, the party or another cause?

SUSPENDED senior tax inspector Michael Allcock's claim to the credit for the SFO investigation which brought down Nadir and Polly Peck is curious in the extreme.

Until Nadir flew away, Allcock, who was suspended on an unrelated matter last September, had remained publicly silent. But now it emerges that he has been assisting a *Panorama* programme on Nadir and the "plot" against Polly Peck and it is suggested he could have been the source of the leaked Mates/Lyell letter which caused the Northern Ireland minister's resignation.

Allcock also confirmed to the *Financial Times* his role as whistleblower in the face of firm denials that he provided any help from both the Stock Exchange, who did call in the SFO, and Scotland Yard's fraud squad, which carried out the subsequent investigation. It would be uncharitable to suggest that Allcock's desire to paint himself as the hero who broke the Nadir case might in any way be related to the likelihood that he may soon face corruption charges relating to his work chasing similar non-taxpayers. A charge he denies and attributes to his heroic pursuit of rich foreign tax evaders which garnered millions for the exchequer.

AMONG THOSE who rushed to take the Mates line and bash the SFO was that Boswell of the rich and famous, Ivan Fallon, deputy editor of the *Sunset Times*. Another was John Jay of the *Sunday Telegraph* or, as it is increasingly seen, the *Sunday Hanson*.

While Fallon, like Jay, was fuming about outrageous "leaks" from the SFO which embarrassed men in suits, his own paper was splashing on a "leak" detailing the £3.5 million plot to bribe the Nadir trial judge — a story not unfamiliar to *Eye* readers. Clearly "leaks" are unforgivable unless given to such respectable and respectful senior journalists or are about people or political parties they do not support. Readers might be forgiven for thinking "leaks" are what good newspapers are all about!

But then Fallon is an unlikely ally of any organisation which causes concern to the wealthy, at whose tables he loves to sit. For many years, first at the *Sunday Telegraph* and then at the *Sunset Times*, he has earned a more than decent living by attaching his tongue adoringly to such idols as Sir James Goldsmith and Sir Phil Harris — both lauded in recent weeks and always assured of glowing mention, despite Goldsmith's record and what happened to Harris Queensway.

Other regular recipients of Fallonlikhan have been Lord Sterling, Lord Hanson, Ernest Saunders, Mohammed Fayed, the Saatchis and, lest we forget, the brothers Maxwell shortly before their role in the mega-million sins of the father were uncovered and their sleep was disturbed by the SFO.

But then when Robert Maxwell was alive he too received the Fallon treatment while Jay was befriending father and sons to the end.

KEEN TO AVOID a possible further embarrassment, the SFO is believed to be trying out its new found belief in the value of plea bargaining with ace punter Terry Ramsden. However, the price will have to be right and that is a matter for the trial judge, so a deal is by no means certain especially as Tel denies everything.

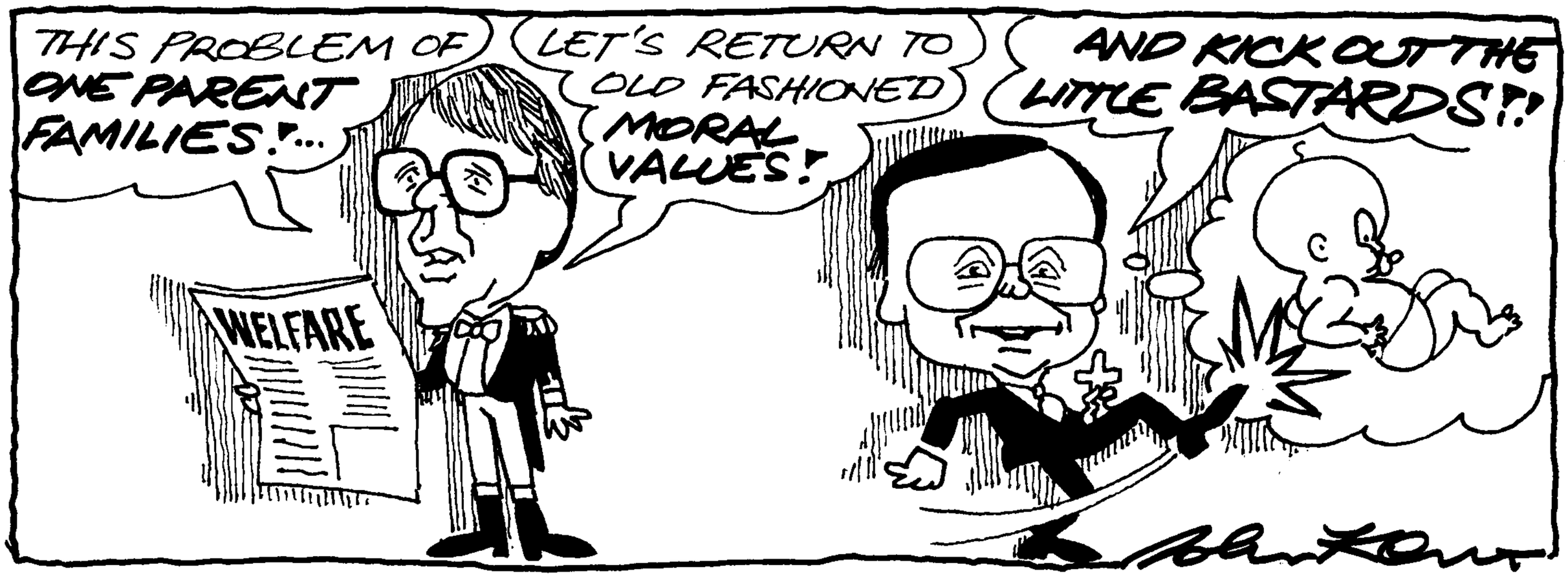
PAY TV COMPANY Flextech is said to be back in favour with the not so *Independent*'s tainted tipster Jim Slater. The shares have recently been a firm feature rising to 108p from 71p earlier this year. However, should *Independent* readers be encouraged to follow Jim in they should be aware that Slater was tipping Flextech through the *Mail on Sunday* back in November 1991 when the price was around 140p before the 120p a share cash dividend.

Flextech's attraction is its interest in the Children's and Family Channels on cable TV. Shades of Slater's ill-fated ParentCare video venture in the US which collapsed in 1990 after shareholders including Slater, who started his business comeback with the Children's Bookshop, and Asil Nadir had injected substantial funds.

Meanwhile, with the end of another Wimbledon without any British success it is worth recalling another Slater venture — the promotion of a future British Wimbledon champion. In 1985 the *Daily Mail* launched the "search for a champion" to be funded by the Slater Foundation which was "ready to invest very substantially over the next seven years". Each year there were to be four Slater Foundation tennis scholarships.

That year Slater Tennis was also formed, owned by Slater himself, "to advance the standard of men and women's lawn tennis in the UK". The company's last accounts were for 1989 at which stage "no action in this connection has occurred to date". Two years later the company was dissolved. Britain still has no Wimbledon champion. But "Changi Jim" the philanthropist received some helpful publicity in his rehabilitation after the Slater Walker collapse and his conviction for companies act offences.

'Slicker'



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Quote of the week:

"Eldorado was launched by the BBC as a story of "sun, sea, sangria ... and of course, sex", the political manoeuverings behind the scene comprise a tale of "disasters, departures, disinformation ... and, of course director-generals."
The Sunday Times, "Adios Eldorado".

MR RICHARDS — Happy Anniversary, big boy.

BSBR (5322) SAYS Hello Germaine!

ROBERTO PONDEROSA '1469' Lo.ty =Twnsnd =6+h=5 =6C5L =1C5L =tn/ 6=tn/ 5=tn,/ Rpt(trp).Iny(nyl) =tn – '1469'+10 ='1479': 264swjn to10(-1).

GGWWF.

SPEECHWRITING — see MITCH MURRAY, Eye Help.

RUTH, GLASTONBURY Acoustic stage, missed you at Van the Man's set on Sunday. Am not always in that state, honest. Please write. Box 11924.

BUNGAY BRIAN J — ex-Moreland Hayne, please contact EDWARD GRAY, PO Box 143, 8 Harare, Zimbabwe.

CYCLE MANUFACTURERS — inventor has novel design. Box 0124.

23/7/93. LOWER SICK PRAT. BSE! Keeps getting better! You seem to have the hang of this WI/WI, DI/DI, LY/LY thang. VASG GNS JHRRDR ZKVZXR ADU.

"I HAVE NOTHING to declare but my genius" — Oscar Wilde, the T-shirt — £6.50 inc. P&P (sizes M/L/XL). More quotations designs available. ELEPHANT HOUSE, Elephant & Castle, White Hill, Lewes, E. Sussex BN7 2DJ.

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T-SHIRTS SCREENPRINTED. 0736 66248.

COMPACT DISC CLOCKS. £11.50. 0322 275755.

THE CARD GAME for Lovers, £12.99. ESDEVIUM GAMES (P24), 6 Wellington St, Aldershot, GU11 1DZ. 0252-311443.

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SQUIGGLERS PRESENT live cartoonists in captivity at the event/party of your choice for on-the-spot caricatures. 081-449 1368.

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But now, instead of fuming helplessly, car drivers can fight back by joining the Anti-Caravan Club. What began in July as one man's gripe, has mushroomed into a nationwide pressure group with members delighted to vent their pent-up exasperation.

The club's founder, John Williams, who lives in Wiltshire, dreamed up the idea after a series of vexing trips to Scotland and the West Country where the only views he saw were the curtained rear windows of caravans.

"I put a small advert in *Private Eye* saying I was thinking of starting the Anti-Caravan Club and there was a deluge of interest," he recalled.

The Scotsman

PHONECODE DECODER. Original authorised edition lists all STD dialling codes in numerical order, so you can locate them before phoning. £3.50, 2/£5. BWT (Dept P), 14-16 Borstal Street, Rochester, Kent ME1 3HL.

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ANGEL NEEDED for Edinburgh fringe. Great plays. Good venue. 081 694 0342.

URGENT DESPERATE plea for £45,000 donation or loan unsecured. Former manager starting fair trade environmental business. Suppliers, shop ready. Help. Box 0324.

ANIMATION "ANGELS" required. Company with 11 years' experience successfully producing other people's projects now needs funding to make and control own cartoon output. Box 0424.

GENUINE REQUEST. Young doctor, ex-public school, ex-army, seeking funds to start medically related business according to own widely acclaimed business plan. Needs to borrow £100 from as many people as possible. Signed undertaking supplied to return money within two years. Business plan available to supply, plus GMC registration details. This is not a con. Please write to "MANIFESTO", PO Box 2254, Hampstead, NW3 1PU. Thank you.

SUPPORT THE PERFORMING arts? Talented young juggler needs £3,400 for circus school. Anything considered/accepted. Box 9424.

INDEPENDENT RESEARCH project should expose big scam, requires donations of £3,000 to £6,000. Box 9524.

AIR MILES — medical doctor and researcher needs to fund travel to Third World. Box 9624.

RESEARCH INSTITUTE (emerging industries) needs patron and £10,000 to continue. 0484 649880.

DEAR FELLOW electrical and mechanical engineers — may I bring my desperate plight to your attention? After working for 50 years for the British and Tanzanian governments I have been compulsorily retired and am now destitute and with no home because of changes in the administrative and pension arrangements. I would earnestly beg you all to assist me with any possible donations: Savings Account 02- 19540302, Nat West Wimbledon Branch, 6-10 St Georges Rd, London SW19 4HN. Telephone my sister in UK if written documentation required, 081 561 0730. With gratitude — J.N. Lawrence AMIE.

DESTITUTION or worse threatens young mother with new baby. Advertiser doing all they can afford. Please please help. Box 10624

LONDON FIREMAN, desperate to rescue young family from repossession. Any donations or work. Thank you. Box 10721.

PENNILESS STUDENTS need money to get married. Romantics please help. Box 0524.

TWO OXFORD graduates need £5,000 to start publishing company. Box 0624.

OXFORD, BROOKES University student desperately needs cash to fund exchange programme to University of South Florida. No offer too small. Box 0724.

PATRONISE ME please. Slightly talented hopeful urgently seeks funding for RADA training. Box 0824.

VIDEOARTIST needs £120 to repair his videocamera. Box 0924.

POOR STUDENT needs £3,000 to complete graduate study. Please help. Box 1024.

ENGLISH GRADUATE (Mandarin Chinese) needs airmiles/donations/sponsorship in return business contacts to return Taiwan/China. Box 1124.

BRISTOL OLD VIC drama student seeks additional funding. Box 1224.

23 YEAR OLD male going nowhere fast. Any donations, ideas, help. Write soon. Box 1324.

HELP ESCAPE BANK. Donations please. Box 1424.

SINGLE MOTHER needs £3,000. In terrible financial crisis. Feeling very desperate. Box 1524.

ENTHUSIASTIC BUT desperate dance student needs £7,000 to continue training. Donations, opportunities — anything please! Box 1624.

EYE NEED £1K to get visa. Have great job offer. Proof available. Help! Box 1724.

TALENTED ARTIST needs £7,000 to take up place on MA Fine Art course. Any donations greatly appreciated. Thankyou. Box 1824.

PLEASE HELP! I desperately need money to learn to fly. Anything considered. Box 1924.

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ADULT DISNEYWORLD! Thailand and the Philippines — singles specials. Thailand, 12 nights from £549. Philippines, 12 nights from £749. For brochure, tel. 0481 823417.

AFRICAN TRAILS: Overland camping safaris. 4-27 weeks. 081-742 7724.

For just under £30 Carl Proctor, an independent producer, secured £13,000 investment from an individual after he placed an ad in the Eye-Need column in July 1991. His plea, reading "Angels wanted for West End rock 'n' roll musical", got replies from two girls wanting parts as celestial bodies, a Hells Angel offering his services and a substantial donation which allowed *Good Golly Miss Molly* its four-month run in the West End. "I found I raised £60,000 without too much difficulty," Mr Proctor says.

Life & Times

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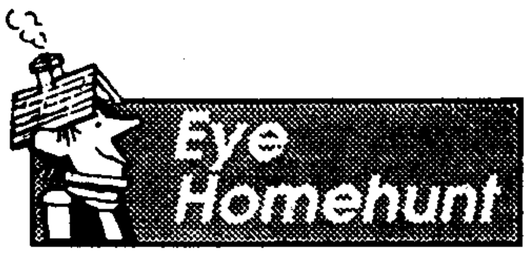

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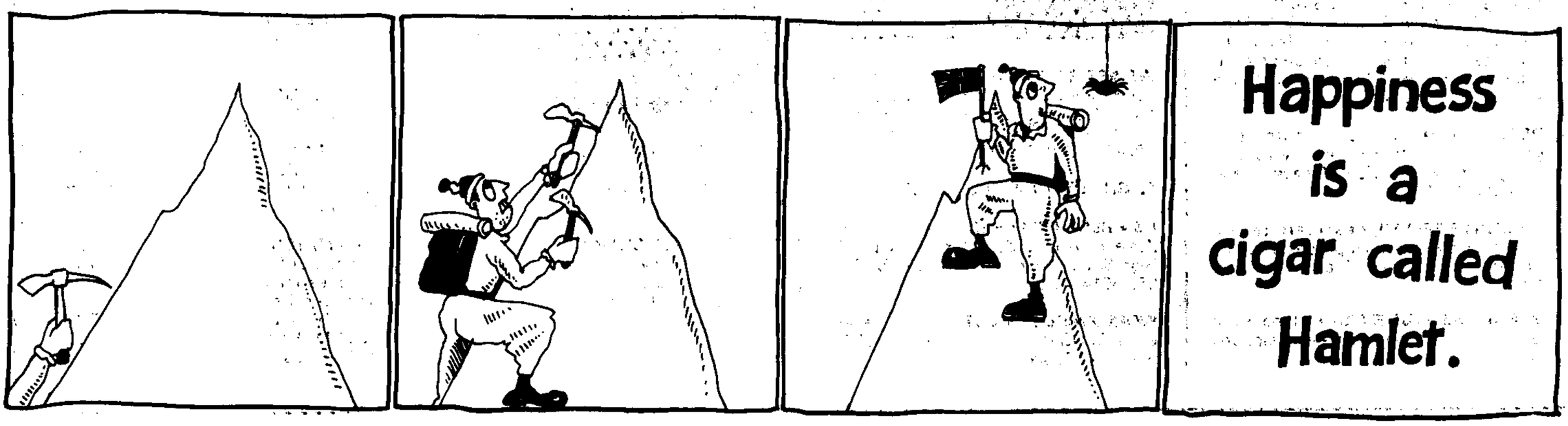

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TALL, NOT BAD looking man, 32, likes films, galleries, eating out; also Beethoven, Ella Fitzgerald, Mary Coughlan. Dislikes pseuds, spiders, driving. Currently narked by negative equity and excessive workload. Seeks distracting female company. London. Box 6524.

ELEGANT BLONDE privately-educated lady, 50, interests opera, countryside, entertaining and travel, seeks professional/retired older gentleman. Box 9323.

VERY ATTRACTIVE shapely Jewish lady, 47, with London pied-a-terre, would like to team up with young-at-heart cultured gentleman who has a taste for theatre, music and travel and a seaside villa or country cottage. Box 9423.

HUNKY FORESTER, graduate, 27, wants to plant his tree in fertile ground. Females (20-30) into natural regeneration please write. Response guaranteed. Box 5723.

MARRIED AMERICAN male, 38, handsome, fit, financially successful, easygoing, London resident (wife lives in USA & approves), seeks very shapely, sexy lady for uncomplicated ongoing (safe) sexual friendship. Photo must. Box 2123.

ATTRACTIVE BUT NOT beautiful, slightly undertall female (West Country) seeks unattached 40-something professional male. Box 2223.

A SUCCESSFUL good-looking businessman, independent minded, aged 40, wishes to meet very good-looking female, possibly not career-minded, and who would enjoy being spoilt in a fun one-to-one relationship. Recent photo and phone number ensures swift reply. Box 6823.

SWM, 36, SEEKS lady, initially as friend, then lover? Me — professional, unconventional, easy-going, gentle, imaginative. You — sensual, cerebral, independent, SoH. Race/nationality immaterial. Photo/phone appreciated. South/anywhere. Box 6923.

POET (WITH DAY JOB) 44, dark, 5'7", 10st, seeks female drinking companion, Soho. Box 7224.

"GEORGE", 31, n/s, seeks "Mary" for "Wonderful Life". West Yorks. Box 2124.

FAIR MAIDEN, late twenties with own ice palace, wants to be rescued by fiery steed preferably with white knight in tow. Replies from fiery bicycles, skateboards and clapped-out minis also welcome. N. Ireland. ALA. Box 2224.

ARE YOU A WOMAN under 40 looking for illicit fun Bristol/Bath? Tall sensitive professional man, 38, would love to hear from you. Box 2324.

STOP ME LOOKING at sheep! Make me laugh! Professional, 36, single, Lake District, seeks warm-hearted female (24-34) for mutual TLC, adventures, wine and late nights! Photo/letter then dinner? Will travel. Box 2424.

DINGHY HELMSMAN (59) seeks attractive loveable slim-ish lady looking for fun, sailing, walking, dining, dancing and more in Lake District with fit 6'2" chap. Box 2524.

OBSCURANTIST JUDE (M36) seeks Sue Bridehead for friendship and passion — Arabella must not know. London rather than Wessex. Box 2624.

AMOROUS HEDONIST of Amazonian/Rubenesque proportion desires judicious dalliance with lavish indulgent gentleman. Box 2724.

PENNY TRANTER required by Piscean male 33 to relieve persistent low over central Berkshire. Box 2824.

WANTED: HARD-HEADED, articulate, versatile, sarcastic?, even loud-mouthed Spanish speaking female required to help make/run small bar/secondhand shop in mountain village, Spain. No idiots or romantics. Good looks &/or nice tits an advantage tho' not essential. Photo and phone please. Box 2924.

SUCCESSFUL HANDSOME executive, divorced, early 50s, seeks attractive intelligent lady 40+ to share the good things in life. GSoH essential. London or Home Counties. Box 3024.

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ROMANIAN PROFESSIONAL lady, youthful 30s, tall, slim, seeks intelligent man for lasting relationship. Photo please. Mirela Balasecu, Str. V. Milea 13, Bl. C Apt. 61, Sector 6, Bucharest, Romania.

SUGAR KANE seeks Joe (transvestitism not essential). Box 3124.

RESPECTABLE PRESENTABLE man, 40, wants torrid affair with lady in North East. Confidentiality assured. Box 3224.

WARM PETITE female seeks loveable humorous male (40-55) to share stimulating and passionate times. Photo, phone appreciated. Box 3324.

PICTURES, MUSICALS, decor, racing cars. Same interests as this 40+ man? Escape home occasionally and enjoy. Box 3424.

SHORT GREEK seeks wife. Box 6924.

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESSMAN (25) — attractive, fit, with own ice-cream machine — seeks petite lady to share fun, romance and adventures with white chocolate. Box 7024.

DASHING MEDIC surgically inclined sought by pretty slim blonde 32 for laughs and fun. Box 2024.

HIM, 45, UNPRETENTIOUS, likes juggling, Chopin, gardening, France, languages, Nabokov, solitude, Escher, seeks impossible her, fewer years, better looks, kinder heart. Box 3724.

37-YR-OLD WEALTHY intelligent maverick — married — seeks non-smoking lady with London accommodation who can "put him up" for a few days at a time (weekdays only). Witty romantic lusty, highly solvent. Go on girls, give me a try longterm. I'm reliable and fun. Box 3824.

ATTRACTIVE ELEGANT 40-something lady seeks intelligent single man who appreciates the finer things in life. Letter with photo please. Scotland/anywhere. Box 3924.

TALL PROFESSIONAL male, 27, slightly crazy, seeks lady for uncomplicated frolics and fun. Age immaterial. York. Box 4024.

MAD WOMAN wanted for food fight with sexy male (29). Box 4124.

WANTED: INTERESTING lifestyle, love, laughs, security. By: brunette, slim, 40, attractive, values. N/W now, anywhere 12 months. With: Sincere, free, confident, communicative go-gotter. Box 4224.

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TOYBOY 28 SEEKS beautiful lady 40+ who still looks good in a bikini, for daytime frolics. Photo, phone no. please. Surrey. Box 4424.

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HANDSOME TALL and charming company director, 36, seeks beautiful lover. Slim leggy bimbo types welcome. Photo please. Box 4624.

MALE DOCTOR, 45, slim, attractive Indian, lives Central London, likes theatre, dining out, fun times, seeks lively lady age, nationality unimportant. Box 4724.

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE City professional, 29, independent, happy, outgoing, seeks intelligent, interesting, honest, warm, tall and/or well built man with SoH for fun, passion and possibly love. No train spotters or rabid Tories. Box 4824.

EAST ANGLIAN professional male, 43, 6ft, 12st, kind, skillful, seeks discreet affair. Day or night. Box 4924.

BRIGHT HANDSOME professional male, 28, amazing blue eyes, warm heart, Aquarian nature, seeks soul mate with romantic dreams. Box 5024.

TAMINO (30) seeks Pamina. London. Box 5124.

HANDSOME, AMUSING, tall City broker, 35, enjoys having fun, escaping ratrace and City. Likes Italy, sailing, exploring new places and beautiful women. Seeks one of latter to participate in former. Photo appreciated. Box 5224.

GRADUATE MALE, lonely forties, seeks loving intelligent woman for mutual happiness. Box 5324.

GUJERATI MALE 40s, seeks female 26-40 for discreet relationship/friendship, any nationality, any religion. Box 5424.

MALE SEEKS SLIM female who loves sailing with whom to form relationship during countdown to blue water future together. Box 5524.

GIRLS! STUN THEM all by turning up with a bloke old enough (almost) to be your father (35, looks more). Really disgusting beard, plus other unwholesome attributes. Dress sense of an aardvark; social flair of a squashed hedgehog. Demure intellectuals preferred. Box 5624.

BUSINESSMAN SEEKS Yorkshire bimbo with brains. Box 5724.

UNCONVENTIONAL MALE, 34, slim, intelligent, attractive, solvent, 6ft, wicked SoH, into sailing, literature, motorcycling and sensuality, seeks slim-ish tomboy partner. Box 5824.

PROFESSIONAL SOLVENT (35yrs) male seeks meaningful relationship with slim sensuous n/s (25+) female. Phone/photo please. Box 5924.

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LIVELY LEGGY London lady (41) wants someone to play with. Photo please. Box 6024.

HELEN OF TADCASTER has run off. Is Mrs Swinburne there to console a bewildered Mr Chaplin? Me, 34, slim, presentable; you similar. Herefordshire/Glos/anywhere. Box 6124.

6 FOOT N/S MALE (33) seeks older woman (no upper limit!) for discreet passion. Humberside/Lincolnshire/anywhere. Box 6224.

KENT. MAVERICK seeks sorceress. Box 6324.

MALE, 35, GSOH, would like to meet female 30-45 for chat, fun. N.England/Glasgow/Edinburgh. Box 6424.

WANTED: ABERDEEN — part-time girlfriend. Box 9123.

MENTOR, 40SOMETHING male graduate, amiable, exchange support to young lady/single mum for occasional liaisons, Essex/East Anglia. Photo helpful. Box 9223.

OH NO, NOT another one! Regenerated toy boy, 35 going on 21, 5'9", fit, presentable, married, discreet, seeks elegant, stylish, self-confident, sexy femme, 45+, for utter adoration, London. Versace and La Perla tastes preferred, blue stockings considered but tights and sensible shoes out of the question. Photograph and phone number appreciated. Box 6624.

RANDY PHOTOGRAPHER, male, 30, finds current assignments tedious and boring seeks horny housewife for afternoons of sex, fun and photography. I'll bring the equipment, you bring the body. Photo — but of course. Box 6724.

GOOD GUY, 35-50, sought by attractive blonde for fun, friendship, laughter in bed. Manchester/Cheshire/Merseyside. Box 6824.

S. YORKS LAD (by adoption), 40, professional, unattached, caring hedonistic pacifist romantic, seeks appealing homely lass 28-40 for love and natural parenthood. Box 3524.

OVER READ AND under fed mathematician, 26, 6', seeks London-based girl for mutual exploration of the contemporary viola d'amore repertoire. Photo please (of viola d'amore). Box 3624.

SINCERE INDIAN male, 42, wants to meet slim/average female, any age, for discreet relationship. East Midlands. Box 7924.

LONDON BUSINESSMAN, handsome, athletic, virile, affluent, well-educated, 45, seeks younger romantic, sincere, sexy woman for fun and adventure. No married women please. Photo essential, returned. Box 8024.

ENGRAVER WITH precision tool seeks material for etching. South Yorkshire. Box 8124.

TALL SUCCESSFUL Virgo man, late forties, seeks intelligent, vivacious lady 35-40 for friendship, travel, fun evenings, maybe more. Please no oddballs. Recent photo and phone no. Box 8424.

INTERESTING PROFESSIONAL man, 50, seeks attractive elegant lady over 40 who still believes in romance. Box 8524.

SOPHISTICATED BLONDE professional lady graduate, 27, enjoys opera, the countryside, entertaining and travel, seeks considerate older professional gentleman 38-48. Box 8624.

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TALL DARK stranger (31¾), quirky, happy, single, successful, modest, seeks educated warm-hearted woman for meaningful nothingness?/more. Oxon. In confidence. Box 9523.

MALE, 33, SINGLE, writer, sensitive, intelligent, good humoured and kind. Likes books, animals, walking, conversation, eating out and cooking. Seeks compatible woman. West Yorkshire. Box 9623.

DISCREET PROFESSIONAL attractive married man 40 invites similar successful woman for joyful London lunchtime liaisons. Box 9723.

FORESTER 38, 5'11" prematurely felled, 2 seedlings, pines for n/s female, exotic or native, 30+, to branch out and enjoy life with. Tayside/Edinburgh. Box 10924.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT female, 33, equally happy in ballgown or wellies, loves champagne or a beer, seeks company of male 30-40s. Must be witty, intelligent, good fun. Northants/anywhere. Photo preferably. Box 7324.

¡ESCAMILLO BUSCA Carmen! Disreputable, unprofessional but handsome beast, 29, seeks dusky beauty. Tempt me. W. Yorkshire. Box 7424.

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Please write to me again
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ARE THERE NO sexy married ladies in East Anglia? Attractive Cambridge male, 35, n/s, GSoH, in celibate relationship, seeks discreet, sensual female for daytime dalliances, age unimportant. SoH essential. Box 11024.

ACADEMIC MUSCLE man, 28, amusing, unpretentious, fit and solvent, looking for bright girl with bimbo looks to satisfy mutual lust and maybe even settle down together. My perfect woman is 5'8", slim, athletic and humorous with a PhD, but I'm willing to compromise. Photos returned. Oxon/London. Box 11124.

ATTRACTIVE ENIGMATIC pixie requires lessons in sensuality, seeks tall slim sensuou lady with imagination and SoH in return good food, bad poetry, SoH and perhaps much more. Photo and telephone number. Discretion assured. Box 11224.

ORIENTAL LADY, 30, petite, professional, gentle, SoH, seeks reliable, humorous professional, 29-40, for companionship. London. Photo/phone. Box 8724.

WARM, SUCCESSFUL, grown-up man, London, emotionally, intellectuall, creatively alive — good laughter lines — seeks open, inquiring, affectionate woman for long-term love. Box 8824.

WE'RE BOTH far too sensible; nevertheless, creative intelligent male (37), happily married, seeks attractive female counterpart for discreet, stimulating relationship, mainly daytime, London. Box 8924.

WIDOW, 56, TALL dark Amazon, with passion for music, theatre, horses!!, travel, would like to meet cultured gent, 40-65 for mutually rewarding relationship. Box 9024.

CREATIVE CHEERFUL chap, 43, can communicate and care. Could compact curvy companion circa 30/40 contact? SoH and discretion expected and respected. Photo/phone appreciated. London/S.East. Box 9724.

DISCRETION ASSURED. Long term lover sought by successful businessman in early 40s. You are attractive, n/s lady looking to be spoilt and loved. Photo please — now is the time. Box 9824.

CUDDLESOME CREATIVE cockerel, 39, still quite chirpy but going stir crazy, seeks serene hen to share London nest, examine parson's nose and perhaps rear some chicks. Spiritually bootiful free rangers only, no oven-ready boilers or frozen birds. Photo appreciated. Box 7624.

AMSTERDAM — ENGLISH ex-pat, male, 40, graduate, attractive, seeks a slim non-smoking woman with whom to share varied interests. Initial offer is of a sensual weekend or two — maybe leading to something more permanent. Photo appreciated. Box 9924.

PROFESSIONAL MALE graduate, single, unattached, 46, 5'7", good looking, varied interests, living West London. I am caring, warm, sincere, romantic, loyal, have GSoH, and hope to find and develop a meaningful loving long-term relationship with similar lady. You should be attractive, preferably blonde, slim to medium build, warm, romantic, sensual, single, with no ties, and aged 33-44. Photograph essential to guarantee reply. Box 10024.

SIDCUP — IS THERE life there? Single sincere male, 36, attractive, seeks single female 23-36 to find out. Photo please. Box 10124.

GENTLEMAN, TALL, mid-30s, educated, presentable, seeks very discreet liaison with naughty sensual lady 35-55. London. Box 10224.

BILINGUAL FRENCH widower, 61, 5'3", bold, cultured, refined, worldly homebird, bon vivant, R4-ish, non-sport, country property, seeks humorous match. Worcestershire. Box 10324.

EXCEPTIONAL BLONDE lady wants wealthy successful man, 40+, who knows how to have fun. Discretion assured. Box 10424.

ATTRACTIVE, CURVACEOUS, intelligent lady seeks discreet sensual times with successful businessman/professional. Scotland. Box 7724.

PILOT (PROFESSIONAL, divorced) seeks female navigator (n/s, GSoH) for last chance flight. Box 7824.

LIKEABLE SCOUNDREL, 30s, successful, married professional awaits message from naughty but nice girlie seeking secret sinful adventure. Box 11324.

MUSIC-LOVING, UNATTACHED n/s doctor, lawyer or similar, sought by attractive 40+ health journalist (tired of attracting 30yr olds!) for RFH, Proms, walks, talks, travel etc. Letter and photo ensure reply. Box 11424.

MALE, 25, SOLVENT, sane, clever, has career, seeks happy woman, probably older, Ruby Wax wit or better for amusing, anarchic alliance. Surrey. Box 7124.

UNATTACHED PROFESSIONAL
gent, 40, seeks
special lady 25-50
for lifetime together.
Happiness guaranteed!
Photo appreciated. Any area
(relocation possible, no ties etc.)
I'M YOURS FOR EVER.
Person more important than age.
Box 9224.

SLIM BLONDE, 31, amiable, amusing, affectionate, seeks kind gent (London) to care for. Lawyer/accountant? Box 8224.

HERO NEEDED for lady tired of tedium of ivory tower. Sense of humour and nobility of soul more important than shining armour. White charger optional. Box 8324.

Eye Soldier

GORGEOUS SINGLE female brunette, Manchester area, wishes to correspond with officer or gentleman — must be single. Photo appreciated. All letters answered. Box 9124.

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WE MAY HAVE ALREADY FOUND THEM.

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Others may simply be sceptical about the chances of success.
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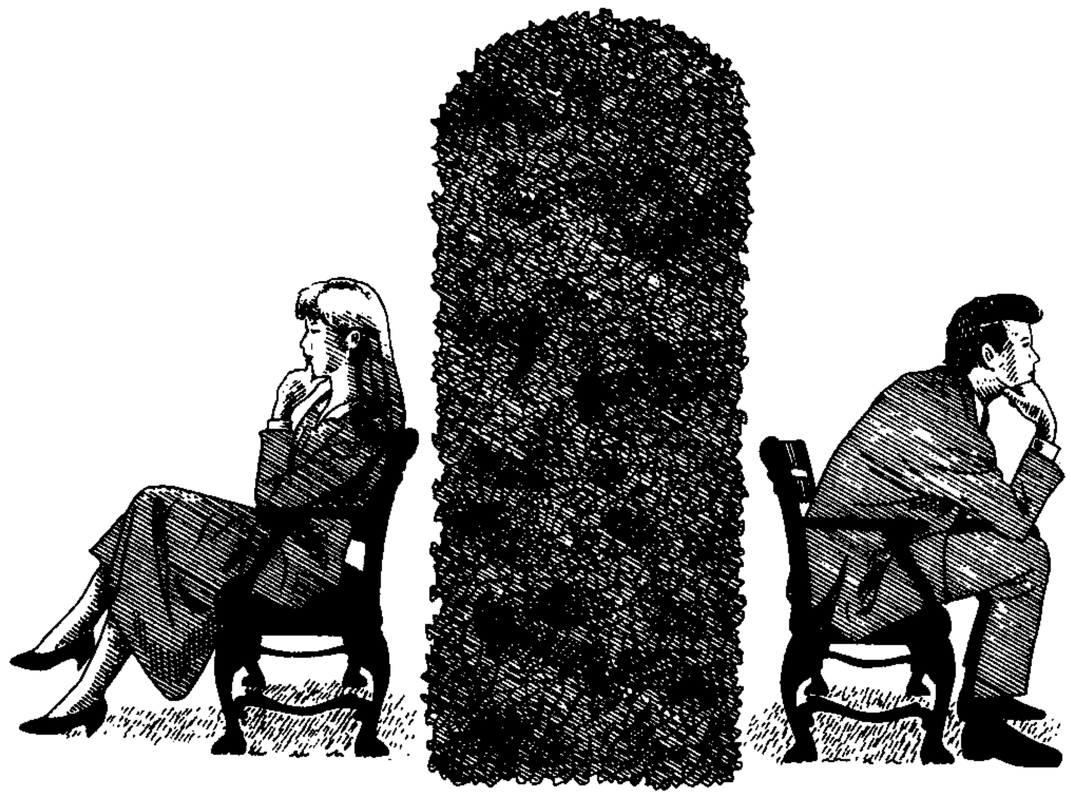

WHO ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

If you respond to this advertisement, you'll be sent a very detailed questionnaire.
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Next you're asked to describe the kind of person you'd like to meet by answering the same set ot questions.
You can even specify WHERE you'd like to meet them. (It's little use our finding you the right person in John O'Groats if you live at Land's End).
Then the questionnaire moves on to the really crucial part, where you answer questions about your interests, your personality and what you expect from your social life and personal relationships.
(Most people find the questionnaire both enjoyable and revealing).
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Our computer can't, of cours make relationships: only you can do that.
All the computer does is mak the introductions and we find usually selects six compatible people in each run.
Their names are given to you all you have to do is arrange t meet. Naturally, there's no guarantee any introduction w be a success, but consider th for once, you'll be meeting someone who

POSITIVELY WANTS TO MEET YOU – and that's a good start to any relationship.
Dateline, we must stress, is not for people who think it might be a bit of a lark, but for caring people who are looking for something more. Perhaps that describes you?
If it does, fill in the coupon and we'll send you our questionnaire, together with a free copy of our paperback "Al you need is love" – a book full of genuine stories of how Dateline members meet their ideal partner. Naturally, your enquiry will be dealt with in the strictest confidence.

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